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J. L. Flaherty

The Editor of the
Gentleman's Magazine
with Mr Towns's Correspondence

Whitehall Yard
2 Jan 1847.





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P O S T H U M O U S

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

I ask no glittering hoard of golden store,
Nor rank, nor honours to my name be given ;
My proudest title Jesus to adore,
My wealth—salvation, and my palace—heaven.

SEELEY, BURNSIDE, AND SEELEY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXLVI.

LEONARD SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

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TO THE
QUEEN ADELAIDE,
BY HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY THE EDITOR,
IN GRATITUDE FOR THE MANY FAVOURS BESTOWED UPON THE AUTHOR
DURING HER SOJOURN ON EARTH,
AND AS A MEMORIAL OF THE DUTIFUL LOVE AND AFFECTION
SHE EVER BORE TO HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL PERSON.



THE poems contained in this volume were written by the Author at various periods of her life, between the years 1817 and 1845. Some of them have already appeared in print in periodical and other publications; the greater number, however, are strictly Posthumous, and appear before the public for the first time. They were written in moments of leisure and relaxation, and so little importance was attached to them, that in few instances were copies retained; they were often not even transcribed, the original manuscript being sent to the friends for whom they were written.

The Editor takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to the possessors of these poems, for their great kindness in sending them to him for publication; he believes that many more exist, and begs to repeat his request that they may be forwarded to him, to the care of Messrs. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley, as this volume will probably be followed by a second series.



CONTENTS.

THE POEMS WHICH HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN PRINT
ARE MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK.

Meditative and Devotional.

	PAGE
AFTER A TEMPEST	1
THE PASCHAL MOON	4
* CHRISTIAN WARFARE	8
* STAR OF BETHLEHEM	28
* THE CLOUD	30
PRAYER FOR A MINISTER	33
THE LOOK ON PETER	35
TOGETHER AND ALONE	37
* THE HOUR OF PRAYER	39
BATTLE AND VICTORY	41
PRAYER ON READING THE SCRIPTURES	44
PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH OF CHRIST	45
* THE FADING PRIMROSE	90
* THE WHITE CAMELLIA JAPONICA	91
* THE ROSE	92
* THE CANKER	94
* THE BIRD	96

	PAGE
THE FORGET-ME-NOT	98
THE WINTER WALK	100
* THE BRANCH OF YEW	103
STANZAS AT WOODSIDE	121
* THE SWAN	123
THE CISTUS AND HEARTSEASE	126
THE BARONS OF ENGLAND	130
* THE CRY	141
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO	176
PROMISES UNDER THE GOSPEL	208
LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE	210
MY MEMORY	211

Death and Heaven.

* DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN	10
DEATH ON THE SABBATH	12
* THE BABE IN HEAVEN	14
TO THE MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF YORK	50
THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FUNERAL	54
DEATH OF TWO INFANTS	79
THE FAREWELL OF THE DROWNING MISSION- RIES	132
TO DIE IS GAIN	135
TO J— E—	137
TO A CRIPPLED BEGGAR	139

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP HEBER . . .	144
* TO THE MEMORY OF MR. AND MRS. FORSTER	149
LINES, "THERE'S A LAND WHERE THOSE, &c." 155	
ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER	160

Prophecy.

* SIGNS OF THE TIMES	17
* THE WATCHMAN	20
THE HARVEST OF THE EARTH	48

Occasional.

* CHRISTMAS	24
EASTER VIGIL	26
ASCENSION	32
* NEW YEAR, 1831	81
* THE CHOLERA	84

Ireland.

LINES	179
ERIN MAVOURNEEN	182

	PAGE
FAREWELL TO ERIN	184
ST. PATRICK'S DAY	187
* THE MAIDEN CITY	189
* THE ORANGEMEN'S SUBMISSION . .	192
* ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY	195
* THE GRAVE-YARD OF DERRY . . .	197
TO ONE ABOUT TO VISIT IRELAND . .	200
ON A SIMILAR OCCASION	203

Anti-Slavery Poems.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALBUM.—NO. I. . . .	163
NO II. . . .	166
* THE SLAVE SHIP	168
THE TEAR	170
THE SLAVE	173
NAVARINO	175

To Individuals.

TO THE LADY — —	57
TO K— H—	61
TO LORD MOUNTSANDFORD	62
TO THE SAME	65

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
TO MISS O—	69
TO I— P—	71
TO M— E— H—	73
TO ANNIE	77
TO A YOUNG LADY	86
TO A FRIEND SETTING OUT ON A JOURNEY	88
* TO MY BROTHER	105
* TO J— W— B—	108
TO THE SAME, ON HIS 16TH BIRTH-DAY .	110
TO A SICK CHILD	113
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER . .	114
LINES IN AN ALBUM	117
THE FAMILY JUBILEE	119
TO J— E—	137
TO A YOUNG FRIEND	147
* THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS	150
TO JOHN, LORD FARNHAM	158
TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER CONFIRMATION	206
<hr/>	
DETACHED STANZAS	216
HYMNS ,	221
* THE MESSAGES TO THE CHURCHES. . .	244

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A hand unseen is o'er us now . . .	238
A kind farewell—a glad farewell . . .	139
And pleads the tear less eloquently weak . . .	176
Arrayed in life's young gladness . . .	147
Awake, arise, the Lord is nigh . . .	48
Bcautiful baby art thou sleeping . . .	14
Behold the cloud-throned conqueror soar . . .	32
Be silent, earth, the Lord hath spoke . . .	253
Beyond the ruby portal of the west . . .	123
Blessings from the Lord of heaven . . .	77
Brothers, farewell, our task is done . . .	132
By that dread day o'crtaken . . .	241
Cease ye from man's delusive word . . .	253
Cry, said the voice . . .	141
Dark is the deck while midnight galcs . . .	168
Dear sacred book, upon my infant breast . . .	210
Deem not thy babes are sleeping . . .	79

	PAGE
Erin mavourneen ! oh when wilt thou rise . . .	182
Exhaled from evening's glowing sky . . .	126
Farewell—farewell yon gem-like isle . . .	200
Favoured of God ! thy lengthened span . . .	62
Fear not, little suffering boy . . .	113
From the region of zephyrs, the emerald isle . . .	187
Gallantly, England, hast thou done . . .	175
Gentle lady, dost thou ask . . .	57
Girt with many a baron bold . . .	130
Give me that fading flower . . .	92
Go spirit, leave this crumbling sphere . . .	135
Ho, watchman, on the turret's height . . .	20
Holy and true thou bear'st the key . . .	251
How beautiful, how bright . . .	121
How blest the little pilgrim band . . .	227
How sad, and desolate, and drear . . .	100
How time rolls on, the seasons seem . . .	110
I asked the name of an azure leav'd flower . . .	98
I could deem them a vision, the days that are flown . . .	117
I'd be like yonder bird to raise . . .	96
If thou wilt follow me, the Saviour cried . . .	208
In days that are gone, when young life was before me . . .	119
I've sought in vain one pearly gem . . .	65
I weep for thee tho' mortal eye . . .	114
King of Zion, meek and lowly . . .	230
Know'st thou the region of the tear and smile . . .	179

	PAGE
Lament not thou if on my fading leaf . . .	90
Land of my choice, the adverse breeze . . .	184
May heavenly guides attend thee . . .	88
My God, is any hour so sweet . . .	39
No generous toil declining . . .	195
No sapless form of mimic hue . . .	158
No, scoffer, the bones of the true and the brave . . .	196
Not all the note of nightingales . . .	144
Now be hushed the plaint of woe . . .	236
Now upon my mental eye . . .	94
O bear her gently, gently on . . .	151
O'er the far mountains the pale beam extending . . .	26
O for a prayer like his of old . . .	224
O for the lovely death of those who found . . .	148
O grieve not for him with the wildness of sorrow . . .	10
O it is ever thus that eye benign . . .	35
O let me share the joy of those . . .	28
O mark that listless, hopeless air . . .	173
Once I saw a rose-bud blowing . . .	94
O sweet it is through life's dark way . . .	37
O thou that didst prepare . . .	222
Past is the fleeting hour of prayer . . .	137
Queen of the solemn hour I greet . . .	1
Remember the day, though departed its beam . . .	206
Revolving its eventful sphere . . .	81
Rose of Sharon, far excelling . . .	227

	PAGE
Saviour, be thy protection thrown	45
Saviour, Lord, we look to thee	233
See how the Lord a balm provides	69
Soft as the snowy flakes that fall	24
Soldier, go, but not to claim	7
Spirit of liberty, where dost thou dwell	169
The awful message came	250
The dark bannered eagle, the Muscovite's glory	160
The Lord, whose eyes with lightning glance	249
The word is spoke, the plague begun	84
There's a land where those who lov'd on earth	154
Think on them, for they are weeping	163
This branch of Yew	103
Thou art bound to the land where thy fathers are sleeping	203
Thou beauteous child of purity and grace	91
Thou cup of blessing, fare thee well	12
Thou knowest not my boy while we lowly are bending	108
Thou Paschal-moon whose liquid splendours flow	4
Though tears with smiles are blending	61
Thus proclaims the mighty Lord	248
Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One	248
Thus saith the Lord, the first and last	246
'Tis not the flowers that gently wreath	73
To raise the head in languor bending	71
Tria juncta in uno ! e'en thus do they meet	177
Tribulation, pain, and woe	242
We are journeying on to a fair abode	86
We've furled the banner that wav'd so long	192
What tho' no orange grove its fragrance breathe	105
When from scattered lands afar	17

	PAGE
When the hand that is tracing these lines on the leaf	211
Where Foyle her swelling waters . . .	189
While to several paths dividing . . .	234
Who from forth the mercy seat . . .	244
Why should yon dark untimely cloud . . .	30
Why should we murmur, sons of earth . . .	239
Worldling, what hast thou to show . . .	225
Wouldest thou a Saviour's value know . . .	237
Ye Alpine hills, your seats forsake . . .	223
Ye ransomed of the Lord . . .	41
Yes, he was lov'd, a note more clear . . .	50
Ye souls in patience seeking . . .	229
Young comrade rest, thy short campaign . . .	54

ERRATA.

Page 55, line 13, *For* The parents, ever darling theme
read The parents' ever &c.

Page 76, line 8, comma at the end of the line, instead of full stop.

Page 91, last line, *for* 'beams,' *read* 'beam.'

AFTER A TEMPEST.

[These lines were evidently written before the full consolations of the Gospel had reached the writer's soul, and are inserted here rather to serve as a contrast to the tone of the Poem next following, which is also an address to the moon, and seems to contain an allusion, in the second Stanza, to these or similar verses.]

QUEEN of the solemn hour ! I greet
Thy step of silent majesty ;
Lo where the rebel clouds retreat,
And yield night's peaceful throne to thee.
The fragrance-breathing flower whose form
Shrank from the stern unpitying storm,
Bids Zephyr kiss the drops away
That glance and sparkle in the ray ;
Exhausted nature joys to hear
The voice that bids the angry tempest cease,
Views o'er the eastern hills thy smile appear,
And hails thee, soothing harbinger of peace !

Hushed is the thunder's echoing peal,
The livid flashes glare no more,
And curling billows gently steal
Where mountain waves were hurled before.
Smoothing her dew-besprinkled plumes
Eve's minstrel bird the lay resumes,
While the broad oak by yonder tower
Flings on the breeze the glittering shower ;
Earth feels th' unruffled calm serene,
Nor sorrow's murmuring accents dare complain,
But love and mercy breathe throughout the scene,
And peace with downy wing o'erspreads the plain.

And now beneath such soft control,
O might the prayer so oft preferred
When bliss or woe has touched my soul,
In this auspicious hour be heard ;
I'd ask a friend whose equal mind
In purest sympathy combined,
Scorning the rude world's idle toys,
Its faithless vows and treacherous joys,—
Might view with me the storm sublime
In chasten'd awe unmixed with vain affright,
Then lose the moments of receding time,
In converse sweet beneath thy silver light.

Should Heaven reject this humble prayer
And never friend so true be mine,

My pangs to soothe, my joys to share,
Let not my feeble soul repine !
Doom'd like yon solitary flower
Alone to bide the tempest's hour,
So may I turn my tranquil eye
In meek submission to the sky,
Raise like the flower my drooping form,
And gently shake the drops of grief away,
With quiet resignation meet the storm,
Then wrapped in soothing peace await the evening
ray !

THE PASCHAL MOON.

THOU, Paschal Moon, whose liquid splendours flow
O'er the black outline of yon fir-clad grove,
As bathing earth's cold wilderness of woe
From the rich fountains of celestial love ;
O may thy radiance fall in soothing power
On my soul's dark abode—my spirit's midnight hour !

I woe thee not, thou fair unconscious thing,
As in young fancy's idolizing dream ;
Be thou a hallowed messenger, to bring
With thrilling power the life-bestowing theme—
In brightness rolling through the azure air,
Vicegerent of the night—thy Sovereign's praise declare.

Say, what am I ?—a spirit dark with crime,
Pent in a tenement of crumbling clay ;—
Such thou hast seen through many an age and clime
In untold myriads crushed and swept away ;
Swept from this goodly realm of life and breath
To the dark reservoir of all-enduring death.

Such as in Egypt's proud and rebel land,
O'er fields of devastation reckless trod,
Mocked the deep scourging of the red right hand,
And fierce defiance hurled on Israel's God ;
Matured in sin, Jehovah's self would brave,
Rushed on the impious strife and perished in the wave !

Aye, Paschal Moon, thy broad unshrinking eye
Gazed on that mighty wreck. But who are they,
Whom God's own fiery banner streaming high
Leads on triumphant, glorious in array ?
They, from whose path the rolling waters sweep,
While charger-like they tread unstumbling through
the deep ?

Defiled with guilt, dissolving into dust,
Were they not sinners—sinners like to me ?
Speak thou of Him who makes the sinner just—
Speak, Paschal Moon, of sad Gethsemane ;
When fell thy beamings cold and soft as now,
On thy Creator's pale and agonizing brow !

Oh speak of Him ! recal the bitter throes ;
That tale of awful mystery relate ;
There meet my sins, my sorrows there repose,
There bows Omnipotence beneath their weight :
No crimson drop wrung by th' unearthly strife
But teems with healing balm and renovating life.

Am I accursed and sinful ? He was made
Sin and a curse.—The Righteous Lord is He ?
His righteousness is mine, His blood hath paid
My ransom !—Thou beheld'st Him on the tree,
But floods of fire thy glimmering orb shall drown
When summon'd from the grave I claim my Saviour's
crown.

Oh Thou whose bidding earth and heav'n fulfil,
Whose awful word the trembling fiends obey,
Conduct thy wanderer to the holy hill ;
My sun, my shield, illume and guard the way ;
A step more feeble, and a heart more frail,
Have never lingered here to faint in Baca's vale.

My inmost terrors, and my secret fears ;
My sins, my sorrows—none are hid from thee ;
Thy cross alone my sinking spirit cheers,
Beneath thy yoke I would be doubly free.
My God !—oh hears't thou not when I complain ?
My Saviour ! hast thou died that I may plead in vain ?

Far, far from earth my vain desires withdraw,
Crush every idol on its own dark shrine,
Subdue me with the thunders of thy law,
Then on my soul in gospel splendour shine.
Let me the scourge, the thorn, the buffet feel,
So to my failing heart Thyself thou dost reveal !

I ask not summer days and sunny skies,
Nor flow'rs in life's cold wilderness to bloom ;
But let me in thy likeness, Lord, arise
Through the undreaded portal of the tomb.—
I ask no resting place till I repose
On the eternal plain where life's pure river flows.

Sandhurst, 1826, *circa*.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIER go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
Where the sunny beam reposes ;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through ;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward ! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow :
Thine must be a watchful sleep
Warier than another's waking ;
Such a charge as thou dost keep,
Brooks no moment of forsaking

Sleep, as on the battle field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield ;
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done :

Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying ;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.

Pass the stream—before thee lies

All the conquered land of glory ;
Hark what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.

Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown ;
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd.

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

O GRIEVE not for him with the wildness of sorrow,
As those who in hopeless despondency weep ;
From God's holy word consolation we borrow,
For souls who in Jesus confidingly sleep.

Lament not your lov'd one, but triumph the rather,
To think of the promise, the pray'r of the Lamb ;
“ Your joy shall be full,” and “ I will, oh, my Father,
That those whom thou giv'st me may be where I am.”

His own sacred lip the assurance has given ;
Believe on your God, on your Saviour believe ;
“ I go to prepare you a mansion in heav'n,
And quickly returning, my own will receive.”

And was it not so with your darling, when saying,
The gate would uncloset and the Saviour appear ?
Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus surveying,
He breath'd out his spirit with “ Lord, I am here.”

And where is that spirit ? wash'd white in the fountain,
Presented unblameably pure at the throne ;
The love and the mercy of Jesus recounting,
To souls that are dwelling in joy like his own.

In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,
He rests before God, with the angels of light ;
Till the form in corruption and darkness now shrouded,
Shall rise at the trump with the soul to unite.

Refin'd from all grossness, and purged from its leaven,
Its sins blotted out and its sorrows all fled,
Made meet for a bright habitation in heaven,
O ! who would not rest with the justified dead !

Nay, weep not for him—for the flow'r of the morning—
So dear to your bosom, so fair in your eyes,
But weep for the souls unbelievingly scorning
The counsel and truth of the “ God only wise.”

He came to the cross when his young cheek was blooming,
And rais'd to the Lord the bright glance of his eye ;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,
The cross did uphold him, the Saviour was nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,
I wept, but they were not the tear drops of woe ;
The prayer of my soul that in fervour ascended,
Was “ Lord, when thou callest, like him may I go.”

DEATH ON THE SABBATH.

“ I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until I drink it new in my Father's kingdom.”

THOU cup of blessing, fare thee well,
My lips shall kiss thy brim no more,
Mid shadows I no longer dwell
Nor diet on the temple's store.
I go to quaff in heaven above,
The wine of my Redeemer's love,
In pastures where the Lamb doth lead
His ransomed flock, I go to feed.

Ye Sabbath bells, your early chime
Again shall sweetly wake to-morrow,
To melt the heart of pardon'd crime,
To calm the heaving sigh of sorrow.
Mine eyes shall see this Sabbath day
The hand which wipes my tears away,

O Sabbath of unknown delight !
O day that cannot merge in night !

Farewell to my Redeemer's cross,
To struggling sin, farewell for ever ;
On life's wild wave no more I toss,
And passion's storm shall vex me never.
The chain is rent—my conflicts cease,
All, all is pure, eternal peace—
Up to my Saviour's throne I soar,
To rest and sing for evermore.

[This Poem is not dated, but from the character of the handwriting seems to have been written about the year 1830. She entered on her sabbath, her nightless day, on Sunday, the 12th July, 1846.]

THE BABE IN HEAVEN.

“ BEAUTIFUL baby ! art thou sleeping
Ne’er to uncloset that beaming eye ?
Deaf to the voice of a mother’s weeping,
All unmoved by a father’s sigh ?

“ Wilt thou forsake the breast that bore thee,
Seeking alone a distant spot,
To bid the cold, damp sod close o’er thee,
Amid the slumberers who waken not ?”

Mother, loved mother, I am not sleeping,
Father, look up to the soft blue sky :
Where the glitt’ring stars bright watch are keeping,
Singing and shining, there am I.

Warm was the tender breast that bore me ;
’Twas sweet, my mother, to rest with thee :
But I was chosen—thou must restore me
To the fonder bosom that bled for me.

I linger'd below, till, just discerning
My father's voice and my mother's smile,
Love's infant lesson my heart was learning,
But oft my spirit was sad the while.

Hast thou ne'er marked thy baby dreaming ?
Sawest thou no radiance o'er her spread ?
Oh, rich and pure were the bright rays streaming,
The songs of heaven were round my bed.

And when I waked, though thou wast bending
With looks almost like my sunny dreams,
My soul to that softer world was tending,
My home was still with the songs and beams.

My brothers—my heart grew daily fonder,
When gazing on each young smiling face,
But I yearned for the brothers, who, sparkling yonder,
Had sung to me oft, from their beauteous place.

Oh ! many a lonely hour of weeping
Thou hast past by their forsaken bed ;
But sorrow no more, they are not sleeping,
They linger not with the silent dead.

Could I shew thee mine, and my brother's dwelling,
Could I sing thee the songs we are singing here,
Could I tell thee the tales that we are telling,
Oh where, my mother, would be thy tear !

For we on milk-white wings are sailing,
Where rainbow tints surround the throne,
And while bright seraphs their eyes are veiling,
We see the face of the HOLY ONE.

And we, when Heaven's high arch rejoices,
With thundering notes of raptured praise,
We thine own babes, with loud sweet voices,
The frequent hallelujah raise.

And we, oh we are closely pressing
Where stands the Lamb for sinners slain :—
Hark ! “ Glory, honour, praise, and blessing,”
Away ! we are called to swell the strain.

No, mother, loved mother, we are not sleeping ;
Father, look up where the bright stars be :
Where all the planets their watch are keeping,
Singing and shining, there are we !

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

1828.

WHEN from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumoured war,
Nations in conflicting pride
Heaved like ocean's stormy tide,
When the solar splendours fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign
Sink dishonoured to the plain,
World ! do thou the signal dread !
We exalt the drooping head ;
We uplift the expectant eye,
Our redemption draweth nigh.

When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men proclaim their summer near ;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Saviour hail ;

Bridegroom of the weeping spouse !
Listen to her longing vows,
Listen to her widowed moan,
Listen to creation's groan :
Bid, oh, bid the trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around,
Gird with saints thy flaming car,
Summon them from climes afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty head ! thy members claim.
Where are they, whose proud disdain
Scorned Messiah's gentle reign ?
Lo, in seas of sulph'rous fire
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Fettered till the appointed day,
When the world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord ;
Sheath again the conquering sword ;
Where the cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
King of nations ! plant thy throne ;

Send thy law from Zion forth
Over all the willing earth ;
Earth whose sabbath glories rise
Crowned with more than paradise !

Sacred be th' opposing veil,
Mortal sight and strength must fail :
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye ;
Be our souls in peace possest,
While we seek thy promised rest,
And, from every heart and home,
Breathe the prayer—O Jesus, come !
Haste to set thy people free ;
Come—creation groans for thee !

THE WATCHMAN.

“ Watchman, what of the night ?

Watchman, what of the night ? ”

The watchman said,

“ The morning cometh and also the night :

If ye will enquire, enquire ye : return, come. ”

“ Ho ! watchman on the turret’s height,
What of the night—what of the night ?
When shall the morning’s orient streak
On this portentous darkness break ?
In deep oblivion’s fetters bound,
The drowsy world lies dead around,
But thou, upon the turret’s height,
Art watching yet—What of the night ? ”

—Far in the east horizon spread,
I mark a blush of sanguine red ;
Vapours of earth my vision shroud,
Yet tints it yonder storm-fraught cloud.

It deepens in those distant skies :
The dawning comes—the day will rise !
A day of triumph, vengeance, woe,
Black midnight blent with morning's glow.
Here on my lonely tower I stand,
Encircled by a glorious band.
I see them not—their righteous ire,
Their chariots and their steeds of fire :
I hear them not—the swelling song
That rolls from their majestic throng ;
Yet well I know the hosts are nigh
That people yon unfathomed sky,
And float through fields of sapphire light,
Beyond those swathing-bands of night.
There Gabriel hovers ; he who sped
To touch the weeping prophet's head,
And coil before his wondering eye
The mighty chain of prophecy.
And he hath marked, as ages rolled,
Those adamantine links unfold,
His arm is nerved, his brow is bright
With holy rapture, stern delight,
For scoffing lip no more shall move
Against the Lord whom angels love ;
No more shall spurning foot profane
The soil of Judah's proud domain.
Hark ! 'tis the lion's kindling roar—
From hill to vale, from sea to shore,

The thunder of that voice rolls on,
The gleam of Judah's eye hath shone ;
Who now shall rouse the couchant king,
The fetters from his neck to fling ?
Who shall the blazing standard rear,
Bid Ephraim's scattered host draw near,
And burnish for the coming fight
The battle-axe of Israel's might ?
Lo, Gabriel watches 'till the seal
Unclosed the dark decree reveal,
And He, the Prince, their Michael, come
To fight, to rescue, and to doom.

“ What seest thou, watchman ? look around : ”
—I see a world in madness drowned ;
A drunken world that will not wake,
Till the last wrathful vial break,
And on their pillow pour a flood,
A tempest-stream of flame and blood.

Heaven wakes—in squadrons broad and deep
Seraphic hosts their vigil keep,
And every golden harp is strung
To strains of triumph yet unsung :
For, wide beneath their shining path,
Spreads the broad harvest-plain of wrath,
And angel-bands the sickle whet
To reap—but man is sleeping yet !

All hell's awake—the Dragon king
Hears his appointed fetters ring,
And, goaded by the dire presage,
Improves his closing hour of rage ;
Stalking through earth's unheedful bound,
He flings oblivious spells around :
His busy legions throng the way,
And doubly bind their willing prey ;
With them to swift destruction hurled
A self-sold, suicidal world ;
Those wiser fiends look up and quake,
Man, the proud sleeper, will not wake.

“ What of the night ? ”—Ascend my tower,
And count with me the waning hour ;
Bid every darkling thought be gone,
And gird thy brightest armour on—
Kindling beneath the MORNING STAR,
Thine eyes shall view the land afar,
Whose King, in beauteous light supreme,
Gives birth to every golden beam.
Time ripens fast—the Lord appears :
Ask not of seasons, days or years ;
Deep in his own unquestioned power
His wisdom hides the awful hour ;
Or be it dawning—noon-day—night—
Watch thou, and keep thy garments white.

CHRISTMAS.

Soft as the snowy flakes, that steal
From yonder cloud their mystic birth,
Saviour of men, thou didst reveal
Thy glories to a thankless earth :
No sparkling beams around thee thrown—
Thy brightness,—purity alone.

And, snow-like, still dost thou descend
Where grace her silent work hath done,
Subdue with noiseless force, and blend
Opposing natures into one.
Thine awful purity they see,
And, gazing, shine—enrobed in Thee.

No laughing summer cheers thy toil,
Darkness and storm thy course array ;
While deep in this ungrateful soil
Thy softening Spirit wends His way :
Too oft unwelcome—though He bring
The sure, sole hope of waking spring !

Oh, Saviour ! in this solemn hour,
While low we bend th' accustomed knee,
Subdue us by thy mighty power,
Unite our darkened souls to Thee.
Enrobe us, Lord, that we may shine,
For all our beauty will be thine !

Sandhurst, Dec. 24, 1829.

EASTER VIGIL.

O'ER the far mountains the pale beam extending
SILVERS earth's bosom and broods on the deep,
Pæans of praise in the highest ascending—
Hence with the joyless oblivion of sleep !

Stars in their courses unnumbered are telling
Glorious is He who impels them along ;
Silence becomes not this dust-fashioned dwelling,
Souls He has ransomed should echo the song.

Hushed be the sigh of repining and sorrow—
Mute be the revel unhallowed of mirth ;
Seraphs in wonder ecstatic now borrow
Themes for their lay from the sinners of earth.

Thou in thy majesty meekly reclining,
Arm of Jehovah, awake ! and arise—
Fountain of righteousness, glowing and shining,
Burst on our spirits, enlighten our eyes.

Why should thy children be darkly complaining ?
O that thy way to the nations were known ?
When shall our Christ in omnipotence reigning,
Summon earth's kingdoms and seal them His own.

Lord of the Sabbath ! behold we adore thee—
Godhead eternal, self-raised from the grave ;
Called to thy feast we assemble before thee,
Glorious deliverer—mighty to save !

Humbly rejoicing we watch for the morning,
Morning of triumph, and rescue, and praise—
Day-star of life with thy lustre adorning,
Bid the wide universe bask in thy blaze.

APRIL 15, 1838.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Oh let me share the joy of those,
Who journeyed from afar
Through wondering friends, and angry foes,
To follow Bethlehem's star ;
Who, when the world was dark and cold
And mocked their anxious care,
Looked up rejoicing to behold
The star of promise there.

There shone full many a brilliant light
Within proud Salem's walls,
And costly tapers sparkled bright
In Herod's princely halls ;
But that soft star more clearly shone
That glided still before,
And led the joyful sages on
To Bethlem's cottage door.

Thus, Lord, vouchsafe my way to guide,
Direct my straying feet ;
Nor let me pause, nor turn aside
Till I with Jesus meet.
Oh let me but the favour find
To reach that open door ;
And never be my heart inclined
From Him to wander more.

THE CLOUD.

WHY should yon dark unlovely cloud
Obscure the golden ray,
And with its sudden gloom o'ercast
The brightness of the day ?

Safe in its folds a treasure lies,
A store of glittering rain ;
And God in mercy brings it forth
To cool the sultry plain.

Vain were the beams of summer suns
To paint the mellow fruit,
If God withheld the gentle rain
That nourishes the root.

And thus across life's fairest day
Some cloud of grief will roll,
Unwelcome to the heart of man,
But wholesome to the soul.

Oh think not God's most precious gifts
In beams and smiles are given ;
What drowns our joy is often sent,
To ripen us for Heaven.

ASCENSION.

BEHOLD the cloud-throned conqueror soar !
The Heavens receive their mighty Lord ;
Triumphant justice craves no more,
And mercy breaks the sword.

Oh, worms of earth, and will ye dare
To seek a pathway girt with flame ?
And for the immortal King prepare
Your gifts of crime and shame ?

Away ! while mercy yet reveals
Through faith the one appointed road,
Cling to your Saviour's chariot wheels,
And enter His abode.

PRAYER FOR A MINISTER.

WHITSUNTIDE.

SPIRIT of grace, of truth, and power,
Be near in this auspicious hour ;
Thy Pentecostal unction shed,
Almighty ! on thy servant's head :
For him thy boundless gifts I claim,
The heart of zeal, the tongue of flame :
To him the wisdom give, and love,
That blend the serpent with the dove ;
Oh, bring thy rich endowments near,
Of counsel, might, and holy fear :
Spirit of fire ! pervade, enfold,
Consume the dross, refine the gold,
Spirit of healing ! sweetly rest
On every wound that scars his breast :
Spirit of life and light ! display
Salvation's full and finished day,
That his own gladdened soul may share
The gospel wealth his lips declare :

Beyond my prayer, beyond my thought,
Oh ! be the abundant blessing wrought !
In him, a chosen vessel, place
The treasure of thy boundless grace ;
Yea, with thyself, his spirit fill,
There reign, and work thy sovereign will.

Edmonton, 1834.

THE LOOK ON PETER.

“ Then the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.”

Oh ! it is ever thus that eye benign
Beams on the soul with tenderness divine,
E'en ere the wanderer owns that he has strayed,
E'en ere the penitent has wept and prayed ;
And when the influence of that look is felt,
The softened heart, in contrite grief will melt,
Mourn that against such goodness it has striven,
And love Him much, who has so much forgiven !
The Saviour changes not, but now sends down
E'en from his glorious mediatorial throne,
Whence he discerns our wanderings from above,
The same sweet messages of pardoning love ;
O let the trembling and desponding mind,
That “ broken spirit ” which He loves to bind,
Dwell on each proof of tenderness He gave,
Nor doubt his willingness to heal and save.

No warmest flame in human heart that glows,
No fondest love that e'en a mother knows,
No highest, best conception we can raise,
E'en the faint outline of His love conveys !
Poor doubting mourner, yield not to thy fears ;
Each tear He numbers, and each sigh He bears,
And though, like Peter, thou hast grieved thy Lord,
Like him thou mayest be pardon'd and restored ;
For thee thy Saviour's prayer shall yet prevail,
Thy faith in Him, though weak, shall never fail,
But lead thee, in His strength, henceforth to prove
Through life—in death—thy gratitude and love.

TOGETHER AND ALONE.

ON sweet it is, through life's dark way,
In Christian fellowship to move,
Illum'd by one unclouded ray,
And one in faith, in hope, in love.
Sweet is the ever beaming face,
Of friendship long and freely known,
As in the mirror's orb to trace
Each fleeting thought that marks our own.

But bid the severed pilgrim wend,
Lonely along his chequered road,
Remove the hand was wont to tend
His faltering steps and share his load.
Triumphantly his soul can rise
Above the fate that calls to part,
It cannot rend the sacred ties
Entwined around that kindred heart.

Oh ! glorious privilege to feel,
When sev'ring oceans roll between,
Before one radiant throne they kneel,
And mingle in a world unseen !
Spurning the reign of time and space,
To one bright dwelling they repair,
Soar to the spirit's resting-place,
And pierce the veil, and anchor there.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God ! is any hour so sweet
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer.

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne
The world I leave !

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renew'd ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiv'n ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wip'd away.

BATTLE AND VICTORY.

YE ransomed of the Lord
Who on his holy word
For succour in the hour of need rely,
Though dark the vale ye tread,
Lift, lift the drooping head,
Look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.
Beyond th' horizon's gloom behold
A line of lustre break, in streams of living gold.

What though, to cloud the scene,
Unwelcome intervene
The path of death, the portal of the grave,
Press to the glorious prize
With heaven directed eyes,
Rest on his arm, omnipotent to save ;
For He th' eternal Son of God,
That dark and thorny path, that gloomy valley trod.

What though embattled foes
The pilgrim's course oppose ;
Gird on the armour of the living Lord ;
With Truth your loins invest,
With Righteousness your breast,
Undaunted wield the Spirit's mighty sword ;
Salvation's helm shall guard your head,
And with the Gospel shod, firmly your feet shall tread.

Nor dread the fiery dart,
Hurled at the shrinking heart,
The deadliest weapons, sin and hell can wield,
Fall like the sere leaves strewed
In Autumn's ripening wood,
If caught on Faith's invulnerable shield ;
Though flaming with infernal fire,
Innoxious they recoil, and tumble, and expire.

If in this life alone
The Saviour's love were known,
If death's cold chain bound our eternal Head,
Too stormy were the road,
Too dreary the abode,
But triumph ! Christ is risen from the dead !
Adam and sin the death-wound give,
But Christ, the Lord from heaven, shall call and bid us
live.

Hid in the dust of earth,
Frail parent of our birth,
Sown in corruption, weakness, and in shame ;
Lo ! at the trumpet's sound
We quit the teeming ground,
Glorious in power, bright in celestial flame ;
These feeble clods of earth shall shine
Pure, incorruptible, immortal, and divine.

Quick as the lightning's eye
Darts through the midnight sky,
So rapid and so bright our change shall be ;
The Lord himself displayed,
Effulgently arrayed,
No mortal might endure that sight to see ;
But when He makes His glory known,
Our changed frames shall glow in glory like His own.

Hark ! the redeemed sing ;
“ O death, where is thy sting ?
And where, O grave, the victory thou hast won ?
Come is the final hour,
Tyrants ! your mingled power,
For ever crushed by God's Almighty Son,
We burst our chains and soar on high,
Glory to Christ the Lord, who brings us victory ! ”

[Marked by the Author “ Not finished.”]

PRAYER ON READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Now upon my mental eye,
 May the Spirit deign to shine,
Lightning up with brilliancy
 Every sacred page and line !
With an infant's meekness now,
Lord, I would before thee bow,
Waiting till thy word impart
Wisdom to my craving heart ;
Waiting till Thou waken there
The unuttered voice of prayer,
Till thou teach my soul to raise
Melodies of feeble praise,
Prelude to that song unknown,
Yet to swell before the throne,
When the darkening glass withdrawn
 I shall view thee face to face,
And upon my soul shall dawn
 All the wonders of Thy grace !

A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

SAVIOUR ! be thy protection thrown
Around thy church, 'midst every shock ;
Wilt thou not keep, and guard thine own,
Thy dear bought flock ?

We are defiled—unfruitful—weak,
Unworthy of thy love and care ;
But, Saviour, those thou “ camst to seek,”
Wilt thou not spare ?

Those, whose whole trust in thee is placed,
Those, whom Jehovah thine did make,
Who, in His cov'nant are embraced,
Wilt thou forsake ?

Oh no ! we feel thee very nigh ;
Beneath thy blest defence we dwell ;
Whether we suffer, live, or die,
All will be well.

We deeply, penitently mourn,
 Beneath thy now uplifted rod ;
In contrite supplication turn
 To Thee, our God.

Perils and foes appear combined
 Against us now, and fears increase ;
But thou canst keep thy childrens' mind
 “ In perfect peace.”

Should fierce disease's threatened blow
 Fall on us, still each fear control ;
The stroke that lays our body low
 Sets free the soul.

The ties of kindred, here so sweet
 And knit so closely, may be riven,
But all thy family will meet,
 Soon—soon in heaven.

Should lawless men triumphant be,
 And want and toil become our lot,
Treasures we have laid up in thee,
 That perish not !

Our little bark can ne'er be wrecked,
 While in it thou wilt deign to sail ;
That voice which erst wild tempests checked,
 Shall still prevail !

Head of the church, stretch forth thy power ;
In her, O be thou glorified !
And bring her forth, from this dark hour,
As silver tried.

Thou, the refiner, only know'st
What heat our dross and tin require ;
One grain of gold can ne'er be lost,
Though purg'd by fire.

Pour out thy Spirit—fill with love
Those who on earth so soon may part ;
Cold, narrow selfishness remove ;
Knit heart to heart.

No foes against thee shall prevail ;
Thy covenant cannot be broken ;
Nor shall one jot or tittle fail
Thy word has spoken.

Then let us in the Lord be strong,
And joyful, e'en midst tribulation ;
He is our rock, our shield, our song,
Our great salvation.

THE HARVEST OF THE EARTH.

AWAKE! arise! the Lord is nigh!
His chariots fill the flaming sky;
He comes! He comes! but not alone,
Ten thousand angels gird His throne;
And thousands more, on thousands rolled,
Triumphantly his course behold,
While sternly glad, their shouts arise,
“Behold the Man whom men despise!”

Now earth is ripe; her cup of crime
O'erflows—it is the appointed time;
Angel of wrath, her harvest reap,
Thrust the avenging sickle deep.
Well may she pour th' ensanguined flood,
Who trampled on a Saviour's blood;
And they, who leagued with hosts of hell,
In their eternal mansion dwell.

But who the mortal forms that shine,
In light immortally divine?
Lo ! these the fools whom men deride,
Meek followers of the crucified ;
Who bartered joys of sense and sight
For things unseen and infinite,
For Jesus dared the world's dark frown,
And won an everlasting crown !

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

YES, he was loved—a note, more clear
Than trumpet voice, that love is telling—
The fond regret that dewed the bier,
The thoughts that seek his silent dwelling.

'Tis not the black unwonted fold
That wraps our banners, veils our altar ;
No, read the looks of warriors bold,
The eyes that swim, the tones that falter.

And hear the deep laments that pay
A last sad meed of willing duty :
“ Our chief, our Prince, has fallen to-day,
Our Israel mourns her slaughtered beauty.”

Oh, this is not the decent art
That shroud's awhile the bosom's gladness
When great ones die—from England's heart
Her glance derives its untaught sadness.

A sire—a brother—on the throne
 With fond approving love caressed him :
 The beggar hushed his pleading moan,
 Knew his extended hand, and blessed him.

The widow clasped her boy, and smiled
 Through tears, amid her soldier's story :
 "Thy Prince hath sought thee out, my child,
 To tread thy father's path of glory."

Those orphan boys—an infant brow
 Wears not the mask of outward feigning—
 Go speak of royal Frederick now,
 And listen to their childish plainings.

See the rough veteran dash away
 The bitter drops, that still will gather,
 While looks of youthful warriors say,
 "Comrades, we too have lost a father."

And here where long his guardian hand,
 His generous soul, in love presiding,
 Marshalled the young aspiring band
 Through learning's path, to honor's guiding ;

And gave a hero-chief to blend
 Paternal love with martial spirit,
 And bade their classic halls extend
 A grateful meed to modest merit ;

Here,—where each mansion's pride shall be
Some relic of his name to cherish ;
From the fond shrine of memory,
That name can never, never perish.

Ye war-worn soldiers, who retrace
Your march through many a distant nation,
Check not the tear that starts to grace
The period of your proud narration.

Nor, oh, forget that chieftain's care,
Life's little fleeting span exceeding,
Will'd your obedient hands to bear
The Word, to Life eternal leading.

And ye who watch, and ye who climb
The rising paths of earthly duty,
Look to those heavenly heights, sublime
In brighter glory, softer beauty.

Though high as Britain's splendid throne
Ye mount, how short your hour of reigning !
A name—a monumental stone—
A sable weed—alone remaining.

Though all that proudest fame ensures
Were grasped—one breath, and ye must sever :
But there's a land whose life endures,
And crowns of brightness shine for ever.

List to the Gospel's awful sound

Of death and judgment, shame and glory,
And read in sable folds around,

A comment on that thrilling story.

Oh ! be the warning understood,

E'en while our chieftain's worth confessing,
And though in life he wrought your good,
His death may bring a richer blessing.

Loved, lost, lamented YORK ! thy crest

In funeral pomp adorns our dwelling—
Deep, deep in every melting breast
Be stamped the truth that shield is telling !

Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Lines written on the death of a Gentleman Cadet, who was buried with military honours at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Nov. 29, 1826.

YOUNG comrade rest, thy short campaign
Is closed, ere yet thou saw'st thy foe ;
eath, striding o'er this peaceful plain
With giant sweep, hath laid thee low.
Our bugle's note
Shall vainly float
Around thy dwelling, dark and drear ;
Nor martial tone,
Nor plaintive moan,
May waken thy unconscious ear.

Our ranks we form, but thou no more
May'st hold thy wonted station there ;
Relentless was the hand that tore
The flowret from our young parterre.

Terrific king !
Thou cam'st to bring
An embassy of fear and gloom,
And round the dead,
With solemn tread,
Conduct us to thy throne,—the tomb.

The blazon'd banner floating wide,
The white plume dancing o'er his crest,
Less buoyant in their waving pride
Than that young eye and swelling breast ;
The polished brow
Is darkened now,
The parents, ever darling theme ;
And dawns bright
Of glory's light,
Have vanished, as a morning dream.

Now lead the sad procession on ;
Young comrade we attend thee yet ;
Few fleeting days have come and gone,
Since here thy bounding step we met ;
Ours is the sigh,
The brimful eye ;
Nor will the manlier heart disdain,
With warrior tear
To grace thy bier,
Thy last slow progress o'er the plain.

Yet ere we part, a lesson give
In the mute eloquence of death,
And bid thy young survivors live,
As pensioners of failing breath.
O bid us look
To Him, who broke
The fetter, and redeemed the prey ;
Who died to save,
And from the grave
Its boasted conquest rent away.

TO THE LADY ———.

GENTLE lady, dost thou ask
Wherefore thus I crave the task,
And with secret pride elate
Robe thee for the halls of state ?
'Twere an endless tale, to tell
Half the busy thoughts that swell,
While I tend thee and would prove
The willing servitude of love.
Is it that I joy to trace,
 In that fair young brow of thine,
Traits that well befit thy race,
 Daughter of proud Ormonde's line ?
Do the lofty plumes that bow
Over that high polished brow,
Bring before my musing eye
The by-gone days of chivalry ?
When he the glory of thy name,
To Erin's lordly senate came ;
And scornful of the rude demand
Sterned grasped his knightly brand,

Augury of the future might,
That long in council and in fight,
Should guard his country and oppose
A dauntless shield to Erin's foes ?*

The hand that decks thee, o'er and o'er
Hath turned the page of Erin's lore ;
And deeply lodged in memory's cell,
Such deeds are stored—such records dwell !
But I have learned to chide away
Those visions of the olden day ;
Far other balsam must be found,
To heal poor Erin's fest'ring wound ;
Far other sounds salute her coast,
Than war-cries from a bannered host.

* Carte relates (Life of Ormonde) that the Lord Deputy Wentworth issued a proclamation in 1634, that none of the members of the Parliament, either Peers or Commons, should enter the house with their swords. The Usher of the Black Rod was planted at the door of the House of Lords to take the swords of the Peers, and as the Earl of Ormonde was coming in, demanded his, but was refused. That officer hereupon shewed the Proclamation, and repeating his demand in a rough manner, the young Earl told him, *that if he had his sword, it would be in* — in a way he would not relish, and so marched on to his seat; and was the only Peer, who sat with a sword that day in the house. On being summoned before the Lord Deputy and Council to answer for his disobedience, he acknowledged that he knew the order, and had seen the proclamation, but that he disobeyed both in deference to a higher authority, and then produced the King's writ, which summoned him to come to Parliament *cum gladio cinctus*.

Go, lady, in thy maiden grace,
Bid the spirit of thy race,
Now on swifter pinion move,
Change the eagle to the dove ;
Go, assume thy rightful stand
'Mid the nobles of the land—
May thy inmost bosom feel

 All by outward actions shown,
Offering in loyal zeal,

 Homage to th' insulted throne.
While evil men in evil days,
Anarchy's wild war notes raise,
Those, who fear their God, must bring,
Seemly honours to their king.

But oh, 'mid the splendid band,
Think upon thy native land !
Think of her unpitied fate,
Guilty, wronged, and desolate—
Mantling on thy youthful cheek
Ormonde's patriot blood will speak,
Though thy lip refuse to plead,

 Ev'n that silent blush can tell
The tale of many a gallant deed,

 Wrought for the land he loved so well.
Go, lady, go, but not to tread
An idle round by folly led ;

Loftier thoughts to thee belong,
Daughter of that land of song,
Thoughts that once were sweetly spoken,
When the harp now scorned and broken,
Pealed in Erin's brighter days,
Melodies of prayer and praise.

* * * * *

Fair blossom of the stately tree
Let not Albion's splendor steel
Thy true heart from Erin's weal ;
Ever loved, let Erin share
In thy bosom's fondest prayer ;
Seek the Lord, nor give him rest,
Till poor Erin yet be blest :
Freed from every curse that now
Dyes her hand, and clouds her brow ;
Till the Upas breathe no more
Its venom on her tainted shore ;
Till the blaze of gospel light
Banish every shade of night ;
And Erin's burning tear be dried,
And by each mountain's lofty side,
By river, lake, and emerald plain,
Sweet Erin's harp be tuned again.

TO DEAREST K——. H——.

A LOVE-OFFERING ON HER BRIDAL MORN,

APRIL 30, 1845.

Accompanying a book, a shamrock, and a rose.

THOUGH tears with smiles are blending
Upon this April day,
Before thee, far extending,
Lies the soft sunny May.

Oh, may the Lord be near thee,
To bid thy soul rejoice,
To guide, sustain, and cheer thee,
And evermore endear thee,
To the partner of thy choice.

[The last verses penned by C. E.]

TO LORD MOUNTSANDFORD.

May 10, 1835.

FAVoured of God ! thy lengthened span
The fourscore years of feeble man
 Is numbering now ;
Yet strength is not in labour bowed,
Nor sorrow spreads one darkening cloud,
 To shade thy brow.

But like a green, well watered tree,
Where God, thy God hath planted thee,
 'Tis thine to stand ;
For Jesus shines upon thy head,
And dews of grace are daily shed
 By His dear hand.

I give no glory unto thee,
Though bounties, measureless and free,
 Thou hast bestowed ;
With love—most precious gift of all,
To bid sweet beams of comfort fall
 On my dark road.

No, thou would'st chide the line that stole
From Him, the Saviour of thy soul,

One thought of praise ;

His were the gifts—the steward thou,
Thanks be to Him, who crowns thy brow
With length of days !

These beauteous flowers—the gems of May,
Oh, think, my friend, how oft have they
Bloomed on thy sight !

The Sabbath morning, think how oft,
Its breathings, holy, calm, and soft,
Brought thee delight !

Oh, think, how, ev'n to hoary hairs,
Thy God, with never ceasing cares,
Hath gently borne thee ;
Think of the crown thy Saviour bought
With His own blood, the robe He wrought,
Yet to adorn thee.

Speed to His courts, the house of prayer,
And, prostrate in devotion there,
Confess the love,
That cheers with many a joyous song
Thy pilgrimage—thou shalt prolong
That theme above.

Thy cup with blessing now o'erflows,
Goodness and mercy to the close,
Of life preside ;
Oh, none from His strong hand can sever
Thy soul—within His house for ever
Thou shalt abide ;

Yes, to the Lord, all glory be :
But gratitude may yet to thee
The wish convey ;
That to thy very latest breath,
Each hour may prove to thee a wreath
Like those of May.

And for poor Erin's sake, and mine,
Oh, may these wreaths successive twine,
Years—years to come !
Till to thy tranquil wish be given,
An escort from the courts of Heaven,
To bear thee home.*

Then shalt thou know the depth, the height,
The wonders of redeeming might,
And guiding grace ;
That made a rich man poor in spirit,
And bade him endless life inherit,
In that blest place.

* This aged saint, has just passed into glory ; surviving but a few weeks the friend to whom for thirty years, he had been an affectionate father.

TO LORD MOUNTSANDFORD.

May 10, 1836.

I've sought in vain one pearly gem,
On May's sweet hawthorn diadem :
“ What, not a flow'r, a bud display
On such a morn ? ungenial May !
When I but crave one tiny blossom
To deck MOUNTSANDFORD's cheerful bosom :
Well—have thy wayward churlish will,
Capricious May ! he foils thee still ;
Thy fourscore seals have left his brow
More bright and blithesome far than thou,
Clad as thou art in blast and shower
And rustling leaves without a flower !”

Thus half in anger—half in glee
I railed against the hawthorn tree,
Which would not one sweet bud display
To decorate the tenth of May ;

But slowly, silently there stole
An answering sadness on my soul ;
Written on every clustering leaf
I saw some tale of recent grief,
Something to chill the wonted glow,
Something that spoke of latent woe ;
And then with sad and sudden thought
The drooping cypress plume I sought,
And breathing RYDER's honoured name,
" Be sacred this to friendship's claim,"
I cried ; the season well may spare
Her wonted meed of garlands fair,
And ask no gem but memory's tear,
To vary the dark foliage here,
And yet this flower of tender hue,
So pure in pale celestial blue,
I'll mingle with the sombre leaf ;
For many a joyous glimpse of heaven,
To soothe poor nature's drooping grief,
To the strong eye of faith is given.

Beloved friend ! the gift survey,
The offspring of a saddened May,
But brighter hours are yet at hand,
When folded blossoms shall expand ;
Yes, on thy path the light is thrown,
And every promise sealed thine own :

Thy loved ones,—Gambier, Ryder, More— *
“ They are not lost—but gone before,”
The measured step of silvered age,
Steals gently on thy pilgrimage ;
How bounteously the Lord hath fed thee,
 With His own Spirit’s rich increase !
How tenderly His care hath led thee,
 In paths of plenteousness and peace !
Are not His mercies ever new,
 Through fleeting days and lengthening years ?
Hast thou not found Him faithful—true—
 Beyond thy hopes, beyond thy fears ?
Thy store abounds at His command,
His Spirit guides thy liberal hand,
His blessing bids the fruit abound,
Bids the wild desert blossom round,
And spares thy green old age to see
Thy people’s glad prosperity,
In that Oasis—green and fair
In Erin’s wilderness—thy care.

But neither flowers nor rhymes impart,
The thoughts that in my swelling heart
Recount my lengthened debts to thee,
Of bounty, love, and sympathy,

* Lord Gambier, the Bishop of Lichfield, and Mrs. Hannah More.

Which I, poor bankrupt ! can but pay
With paper currency—a lay.
But oh, the sweet response of prayer !
My burthened mind reposes there ;
Implores our Father's eye to read
The record of each gen'rous deed :
And though the very least am I,
 Yet thus proclaims the eternal word,
The service ye to these supply,
 Is done, is rendered to the Lord.

Blackheath.

TO MISS O——.

WITH THE FINGER ALPHABET.

SEE how the Lord a balm provides,
For every woe our race can feel,
Mercy will soothe, though judgment chides,
And Wisdom wounds that Love may heal.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye ;
He formed them for his creature's use,
And well His bounteous gifts supply
Whate'er these feeble frames may lose.

And if a bitter cup we meet,
'Tis but to share our Father's care,
And bid us taste how pure and sweet
The honey drop he mingles there.

Once, and but once, an awful draught
Of wrath unmixed to man was given ;
He who that dreadful beverage quaffed,
Was Jesus—" Man," yet " Lord from heaven."

Jehovah veiled in mortal birth,
O mystery of eternal love !
Message of peace to sinful earth,
Theme of triumphant strains above !

“ The mighty God,”—the virgin’s child,
The everlasting One who died—
The “ holy, harmless, undefiled,”
The hated, scourged, and crucified !

Come let us ponder deep and long,
On the rich grace our God hath shewn,
And with the seraphs’ glorious song
In humble joy combine our own.

And if we weep, oh be it not
For thorns that strew our path below ;
But let transgression’s hated blot
Bid hearts lament and eyes o’erflow.

Then turn to Him, exalted high,
Pardon, and hope, and peace to give ;
Low at the cross of Jesus lie,
Look and repent ;—believe and live.

Sandhurst, Christmas-day, 1825.

TO I— P—.

To raise the head in languor bending,
To nerve anew the fainting frame ;
The weary couch of sickness tending ;
Oh say, is this thy dearest fame ?

No—let the widow's silent blessing,
The orphan's lisp of artless love,
A brighter, holier claim confessing,
Record thy cherished name above.

And let the voice of softened sorrow,
Of stubborn sin subdued to prayer,
Of hope—that views a brighter morrow,—
Let these thy noblest art declare.

Alas ! our clay-built shed dissolving,
May yet thy deepest skill defy,
But Faith, the future scene revolving,
Builds her strong tower above the sky.

Then, still be thine the blest endeavour
To bid the drooping spirit soar,
Where rest untroubled smiles for ever,
Where sin and death afflict no more.

Dear friend of those who weeping wander,
Chilled by the cold world's heartless glee,
How oft shall fond remembrance ponder
On thy endearing home and thee !

Peace to thy spirit—to thy dwelling—
To every path thy foot shall tread ;
Peace, all the worldling's joys excelling,
Be poured upon thy gentle head.

Too weak were labouring words expressing
Thy tender care, thy bounty free,
But let the full heart's fervent blessing,
Bear witness to the Lord for thee !

June, 1830.

TO DEAREST M— E— H—.

'Tis not the flowers that gaily wreathe
 Around this dear domestic shrine ;
'Tis not the fragrant sweets that breathe,
 The thousand glowing tints that shine ;
Oh, not from these the beauty springs,
 That brightens o'er my spirit here,
And bids her fold the weary wings,
 That long have sought so calm a sphere.

The flowers are passing fair, the shade
 In deep soft verdure gently falls ;
Where peace her loved abode has made,
 Within the village Pastor's walls.
But the supreme, the master spell
 That reigns, all other charms above,
One magic word alone can tell,
 And that one magic word is Love.

That gift, above all other given,
From life's pure fount its currents flow ;
It fits the soul for joys of heaven,
And yields a taste of heaven below.
Oh, many a dark and lonely day,
While doomed through this cold world to rove,
My heart hath languished for the ray—
The pure soft ray of holy love.

And here, a glad though fleeting guest,
I bask beneath the beam awhile ;
And throbbing cares are lulled to rest,
My sister, by thy soothing smile ;
And still, where'er I turn mine eye
Within this circle of repose,
Some treasured thought of scenes gone by,
To renovated being grows.

The turret through yon vista green,
That crowns the ancient house of prayer,
Re-opens many a touching scene,
Of infant days undimmed by care.
My father's church, my father's home,
Are they for ever lost to me ?
In gentle vision too they come
As numbered still with things that be.

And he—the Pastor friend who gives
The welcome with benignant smile,
In him the dear remembrance lives,
Of Innisfail—my own Green Isle.
The heart that mourns poor Erin's chain,
The helping hand, the pleading tongue,
Lead me each passing morn again,
In thought, her fair green hills among.

Another eye with kindness bright
I meet—and cross the Atlantic main ;
Fond memory takes her rapid flight,
To wild Acadia's mountain reign ;
The lofty hill, the boundless wood,
The flower-besprinkled plain I see ;
As when a stranger guest I stood,
Nor deemed one heart could feel for me.

Or when I bade with tearful eyes,
A long, reluctant, last adieu,
To those bold shores and brilliant skies,
To those warm spirits fond and true ;
What mingled lights and shadows strove,
O'er the strange path my steps have trod,
The path by which redeeming love,
Would lead the wanderer to her God.

That path is dim, and toilsome still,
And prone the wanderer still, to stray,
But, Lord, thy love, thy power and skill,
Are pledged to point and smooth the way ;
And should the rebel heart repine,
To leave the looks of love that here
So warmly glow, so sweetly shine,
And roam through deserts cold and drear.

I'll think—this lovely bower of ease
Was but to yield refreshment sweet,
Then on—and where thyself shall please,
Do thou direct my willing feet.
Be thou, O Lord, sufficient still,
Each craving of my heart to fill ;
And let no way seem rough to me,
That brings me at the last to Thee.

Stambourne Rectory, August, 1838.

TO ANNIE.

BLESSING from the Lord of heaven,
Guidance from the God of truth,
Be to thee, my Annie given,
In the dawning day of youth.

Beaming on the hours of sadness,
Shielding thee in every strife,
May He open wells of gladness,
Through the changeful path of life.

When the shades of night are closing,
Earth receding from thine eyes ;
On his faithfulness reposing,
Rest in hope—in glory rise.

Let not unbelief assail thee,
Triumph in the grace revealed,
Not one promise e'er can fail thee,
All in Jesus Christ are sealed.

Faith receives the wondrous story,
Faith the mighty work may ken—
Christ in you—the hope of glory,
All in Christ, is yea—Amen !

Edmonton, August 27, 1832.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANT CHILDREN
OF THE LATE REV. FRANCIS ELLABY, WHO DIED
WITHIN A FORTNIGHT OF EACH OTHER OF SCARLET
FEVER.

DEEM not thy babes are sleeping,
Beneath the dewy sod,
Where oft in silence weeping,
Hath sad affection trod :

Awake, alive in glory,
Their songs are heard above,
And there they hymn the story
Of the Redeemer's love.

It was a strange transition,
A rapturous surprise,
When burst the radiant vision
Upon their baby eyes.

Sweet lambs ! the Saviour found them
 Wide on the stormy waste,
 Unnumbered foes around them,
 In secret ambush placed.

His heart was yearning o'er them,
 He spread the gentle arm,
 And in his bosom bore them,
 From every threatened harm.

And tender greetings met them,
 Within that shining place,
 When the good shepherd set them,
 Before his Father's face.

Now taught their great salvation,
 Their songs to Him they raise,
 And infant adoration,
 Has perfected His praise.

Edmonton, December, 1832.

NEW YEAR.

1831.

REVOLVING its eventful sphere,
Deep fixed in Time's appointed chain,
Another link—another year
Rolls past, nor shall return again :
But with it bears
The joys, the cares,
The hour of peace, the day of strife,
The bridal song,
The funeral throng,
The little all of mortal life.

And forth another circlet steals ;
A storm-cloud veils its gloomy birth ;
While from the thunder's dwelling peals
A warning voice to guilty earth ;
Its tones proclaim
His awful name,
Whose hand prepares the iron rod,
The mighty ONE
Who reigns alone,
An outraged, an avenging God.

Be wise ye kings—ye nations bow ;
The golden sceptre yet he bears :
Even yet that many-crowned brow
Its patient smile inviting wears :
And yet He cries,
“ Awake—arise ;
Ye slumberers in the den of death ! ”
Hear and adore,
He waits to pour
The impulse of His quickening breath.

But if ye slight that healing word,
And scorn the Saviour’s peaceful name ;
Know that ’tis Jesus wields the sword,
’Tis Jesus treads in burning flame.
Ye sons of pride !
How will ye bide
The burst of that consuming ire,
When o’er your path
His kindling wrath,
Shall fiercely roll its blasting fire ?

Like withered leaves by tempests torn,
Like shivered wrecks of brittle clay,
Like chaff on whirling winds upborne,
Your pomp, your power shall pass away :

Kings, captains, all,
In dust shall fall,
Crushed deep beneath His great white throne,
And He, the Lord
Th' Incarnate Word,
To earth's remotest regions known,
Triumphant o'er his foes—'tis He shall reign alone.

January, 1831.

THE CHOLERA.

1831.

“ Before him went the pestilence.”—Hab. iii. 5.

THE word is spoke, the plague begun,
And England from her God hath won
The guerdon of her shame :
Lo, here His blazing chariot rolls,
And pestilence like burning coals,
Enkindles at its flame.

But we, invited by thy word,
Lay hold upon thy strength, O Lord,
And find our terrors cease ;
Despoiler of death's venom'd sting,
We hide us underneath thy wing,
And claim Thee for our peace.

Lord of our life ! behold we stand,
We bow before the awful hand
Upraised to seal our doom ;

For, oh, in that dear hand we see
The deep-struck prints of Calvary,
The trophies of the tomb.

Here, tainted with rebellious sin,
Defiled without, corrupt within,
These bodies we resign :
Do thou renew their forfeit breath,
Or bind each guilty heart in death,
For every pulse is thine !

O Father, glorify thy name !
O Saviour, thy dear purchase claim !
O Comforter, descend !
Now, in temptations coming hour,
Omnipotent ! put forth thy power,
And keep us to the end.

Around be nature's ruin spread,
We'll raise aloft a fearless head,
And hail redemption nigh ;
So Thou faith's firm assurance give,
That tells us 'twill be Christ to live,
And glorious gain to die !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, WRITTEN IN HER
ALBUM.

WE are journeying on to a fair abode,
'Tis ours by the faithful word of God ;
O cast thy lot with us and come,
To share our hope, to share our home.

O what can this cheating world bestow
To fix immortal souls below ?
A broken reed is her fairest trust,
Her brightest forms but painted dust.

O maiden, join the pilgrim band,
We are journeying on to the promised land ;
What canst thou in this dark world see,
To rival the gifts we promise thee ?

'These gifts were bought with the Saviour's blood,
And the Lord himself declares them good ;
Not our's to give, but well we know,
The bounty of Him who can bestow.

Young sister, we invite thee on,
To the footstool of Jehovah's throne ;
And where is the soul that dares complain
It has ever sought his face in vain ?

TO A FRIEND

SETTING OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee,
May heavenly guards defend thee,
May heavenly influence send thee
 Sweet themes for holy thought ;
Though shades of night enfold thee,
That eye will still behold thee,
 E'en His that slumbers not.

No evil shall befall thee,
No enemy appal thee,
Bright messengers shall call thee
 Throughout the silent night,
To share their high communion,
Sweet pledge of future union,
 With sainted heirs of light.

No human voice may cheer thee,
No earthly listener hear thee,
But oh, one friend is near thee,
 The kindest and the best !
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fill with gladness,
 The solitary breast.

Thy God will go before thee,
And day and night watch o'er thee,
And safely soon restore thee,
 To thy loved home in peace ;
Nor will his care diminish,
Till life's long journey finish,
 And toils and danger cease.

THE FADING PRIMROSE.

To C. C.

LAMENT not thou, if on my fading leaf
Thou read'st the pallid tokens of decay,
I did but linger out my season brief,
To catch one sparkle of returning May,
Beneath her glowing beam to fade away,
And leave the brighter flowers the dazzling reign ;
But when the sweet, the beautiful, the gay,
Long, long, have perished—o'er the snow-clad plain
I'll spread my softest hues, and smile on thee again.

For she whose tender purpose bade me grace
In full profusion this beloved retreat,
Willed me, in her, alas ! now vacant place,
Endearingly in cloudiest hours to greet
Thy tearful eye ; and with memento sweet
To tell of hope in sadness, joy in pain,
Life in the grave—Oh ! gladly I repeat
The lesson of her love, the dying strain
Of flowers and faithful hearts—farewell, we meet again !

THE WHITE CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

THOU beauteous child of purity and grace,
What element could yield so fair a birth ?
Defilement bore me—my abiding place
Was mid the foul clods of polluted earth.
But light looked on me from a holier sphere,
To draw me heavenward—then I rose and shone ;
And can I vainly to thine eye appear,
Thou dust-born gazer ? make the type thine own.
From thy dark dwelling look thou forth, and see
The purer beams that brings a lovelier change for thee.

1834.

THE ROSE.

GIVE me that fading flower,
I saw thee cast it by,
Rent from its parent bower
And left to die.
There drooping petals wear
The pallid hue of grief ;
A story of despair
Imprints the leaf.

I do not covet now
The tints of summer-tide,
To bind upon my brow
In playful pride :
This pale autumnal rose
I place upon my breast,
There, in a late repose,
To die—and rest.

Ungential blasts have sped
 Their fury on thy form,
While shrunk thy withering head
 Beneath the storm ;
How pleasant to behold
 Thy span of trouble cease,
While droops the silken fold
 In slumbering peace !

And be thy fate my own !
 Snatched from a peaceful shade,
Upon a rude world thrown
 To pine and fade,
The hand of love divine
 Shall gather me in death,
And watch while I resign
 My languid breath.

THE CANKER.

ONCE I saw a rosebud blowing,
It was the garden's fairest flower,
Crimson hues were richly glowing
Deeper, brighter, every hour.

Summer's sun his beams revealing,
Shone upon the favour'd rose,
And the dew-drops softly stealing
Freshened it at evening's close.

No wild storm came beating o'er it,
No rough wind the branches tost,
No unthinking fingers tore it,
Yet the beauteous flower was lost.

Deep within its bosom hiding,
Dwelt a canker, all unseen,
Slowly those fair leaves dividing,
From their parent stem of green.

Youthful blossoms, hear my story,
O beware the canker sin,
Cleave to Christ your life and glory,
Watch lest evil lurk within.

THE BIRD.

I'd be like yonder bird to raise,
With earliest dawn the song of praise,
And rest at night my thankful head,
Where'er the Lord prepares my bed.

I'd seek like yonder bird my food,
From the great source of every good,
With joy the present bounty share ;
Unburdened with to-morrow's care.

Like yonder bird I would not stay,
In the rude world's frequented way,
But steal from giddy crowds, and fly
To shades where God is ever nigh.

How sweet like yonder bird to rest,
Within some quiet humble nest ;
And in the hallowed sphere to move
Of peace, and liberty, and love !

And sweet like yonder bird to know,
My better rest was not below,
But when from earth's poor covert driven,
I might arise and soar to Heaven.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

I ASKED the name of an azure leav'd flower,
Which bloom'd in a lonely spot;
And they said it was prized in hall and bower,
And was named—"Forget-me-not."

And what, I asked, do the words intend,
And to whom is their import confined?
Some answered "A lover," and some "A friend,"
"By the flower was recalled to mind."

Then I thought, as I looked at the blossom fair,
With its petals of heavenly blue,
That it stood as a silent remembrancer there,
Of the God at whose hand it grew.

O who could examine thy form, sweet flower,
So perfect without a blot,
And not feel thou recordest His love, His power
And bid'st us Forget Him not?

He endued with its wondrous virtue thy seed,
The form it developed He chose ;
His crystalline dews on thy leaves are shed,
His sunshine thy colour bestows.

Then, whene'er thy bright blossom adorns my way,
Towards heaven may it waft my thought !
May he give thee a still small voice to say,
In His name,—Forget Me not.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

How sad, and desolate, and drear,
The gloom that warps the spirit here !
Yet here methinks I long could dwell,
Such melancholy pleases well.
The mist hangs dimly round the hills,
Where heavily the dew distils ;
Black as the clouds that veil the sky,
The thick stream murmurs sullenly,
Listless and dull it passes on,
The ripple on its surface gone,
Though spots of foam like gathered snow
Gleam o'er the dark-brown tide below ;
Still is the air, the dying breeze
Can scarcely whisper to the trees,
Its feeble breath but faintly heaves
The few lone yellow, blighted leaves,
That wave and flutter on the ground,
Where their last comrades wither round.

The very soul of sadness reign,
O'er these denuded woods and plains ;
Looks from the mist-clad mountains down,
And quells the spirit with a frown ;
Say how can scenes like these impart
A luxury to either heart ?

The pensive joy that swells in mine
I see reflected back from thine—

Oh how can havoc, ruin, woe—
A thrill of such delight bestow ?

I know it well,—the tearful eye
Is soothed by nature's sympathy ;
Our joys are like the darkened beam,
Our course like that bewildered stream,
Our prospects, dimly shrouded still,
Like yonder mist encircled hill ;
Our hopes are like the fainting breeze,
Our fate as solitary trees,
While every pale and withered leaf,
Enumerates some silent grief.

Yes, sorrow has a joy unknown
To all but those she marks her own.
But check the syren ere she roll
Her deadening Lethe o'er thy soul ;
Lest rebel doubt or stern despair,
Place an infernal trophy there.

Our's is a wintry path on earth,
But nature has a spring-time birth ;
Our pilgrimage is wrapped in gloom
But all is bright beyond the tomb !
On Zion's hills how clear the rays—
The living stream reflects the blaze—
The trees of life o'ersshade the ground,
Their leaf shall heal our every wound,
Her breeze that sweeps heaven's cloudless sky
Is winged with immortality.
No more to sigh, no more to sever,
We'll rest before the throne for ever.
Oh then these present woes shall seem,
Like shadows of a broken dream.

THE BRANCH OF YEW.

THIS branch of yew—this branch of yew !
How many a fond and tearful eye
Hath hither turned its pensive view,
And through this dark leaf sought the sky.
How many a light and beauteous form,
Committed to its guardian trust,
Safe housed from life's tumultuous storm,
Hath gently melted into dust ;
While mindful love, would long renew,
Its grief, beneath this branch of yew.

More meet to deck the lowly grave,
These living plumes by nature spread,
Than sable tufts that proudly wave
Their pompous honours o'er the dead.
The oak hath doffed his leafy pride,
As frowning winter passed him by ;
The grass hath shrunk, the flowers have died,
Beneath bright Summer's burning sky ;
But all to love and sorrow true
Unblanching waved this branch of yew.

I had not from the mounds below
Thus borne their beauteous canopy,
But life has many a secret throe,
And sad remembrance many a sigh ;
And, oh ! 'tis sweet in hours of toil,
Amid the throb of struggling grief,
To rest the aching eye awhile
Upon this dark and feathery leaf ;
And think how softly falls the dew
On peaceful graves beneath the yew.

This branch of yew ! its tints deride
The sparkling glow of early bloom ;
It tells of youth and martial pride
Commingle with the dreary tomb :
It throws upon earth's pageantry
A shadow, deep as closing night,
And sweetly lures the awe-struck eye
To rays of life and fields of light ;
And stars of promise burst to view
Through thy dark foliage, mournful yew !

June, 1828.

TO MY BROTHER.

WHAT though no orange grove its fragrance breathe,
Nor teeming olive ripen o'er thy head,
Nor bowering myrtle round our dwelling wreath,
Nor tangling vines the purple cluster spread,—
Dearer this parent soil, that courts thy tread,
Than Lusitania's balmy sweets and oily hoard,
Where sixteen burning summer suns have shed
Their glare, reflected on thy warrior sword,
Or on thy far abode their dazzling splendour poured.

Beamed not a brighter azure through the sky,
While on her course the gallant vessel bore,
And rose not as ethereal harmony
The rich rough tumult of the billows' roar,
When, breasting that rude surge, thy native shore
Heaved its bold barrier to the sportive spray,
And hope on airy pinion sped before,
Skimming the dales, in flowery vesture gay,
Over the distant hills, and fast and far away.

Thine Island home ! the soul of freedom now
Bids the full heart-pulse eloquently speak ;
The breeze that whilom fanned thine infant brow,
Her joyous welcome breathes upon thy cheek,
Where war and weariness no longer wreak
Their blighting wrath beneath a fervid sky ;
Nor burns the Briton's scorn, condemned to seek
Truth's trampled pearl within a moral sty,
Or patriot honour couched in falsehood's blinking eye.

Thine Island home ! aye, there are hearts to love
In grateful bosoms, that remember yet
How foe-girt Britain's martial call could move
Thy boyish hand the glittering steel to whet :
How thy unripened spring of manhood met
War's sternest blast of devastating breath ;
As sapling oak on the rock's parapet,
Whose hardy strength the temper nourisheth,
Matures its blooming pride amid the storms of death.

True, thou hast flourished in an alien soil,
A goodly seed in thankless desert sown,
Where ingrates, reckless of thy generous toil,
Uproot the shelter when the storm's o'erblown.
Our Island boasts an altar, rears a throne,
Meet for thy homage, worthy of thy care :
The black lethean draught her lips disown—
Not her's with parsimonious gripe to tear
The guerdon from thy brow, that victory planted there.

Days we have seen—and they were days of joy,
Bright as the foam that specks a summer sea,
And profitless—when 'twas my fond employ
To tune a busy baby lyre to thee.
Oh ! many a sigh hath marred the minstrelsy,
While their slow course the weary seasons led—
A bitter cup in wisdom blent for me,
By Him, who, mindful of compassion, spread
The panoply unseen around thy favoured head.

A sunny gleam absorbs the trickling rain,
While my glad lips the Patriarch's joy renew ;
“ I thought not to behold thy face again,—
Lo, God hath giv'n thine offspring to my view !”
To Him, the Just, the Faithful, and the True,
Sole Saviour, be the praise : yet while I deem
A long deep debt of grateful love is due
To thee, my Brother, doth it not beseem
To let this closing chord reverberate the theme ?

TO J— W— B.

ON HIS BAPTISM.

THOU know'st not, my boy, while we lowly are kneeling
Before the sole Refuge where sinners can flee,
For thee is the sigh of solicitude stealing,
The voice of devotion is rising for thee.
Sweet bud, in thy beauty and innocence swelling !
Believing, yet trembling, we come to receive
A promise, a covert of safety, repelling
The blaze of the noon and the blast of the eve.

The bosom where now thou reclinest may yield thee
A shelter, a rest, through thine infancy's span ;
But all unavailing and helpless to shield thee
From ills that must darken the pathway of man,
The snare is before thee, the pang and the sorrow,
The breath of the syren, the voice of the rod,
The crime of to-day, the despair of to-morrow,
And all that can sever the soul from its God.

Thou smilest, my babe, on the stream that is stealing
Like dew o'er the rose of thy innocent face :—
Oh, thus may the Saviour, his mercy revealing,
Thy spirit refresh with the waters of grace !
And thus, unresisting and meek as we view thee,
Receive thou the unction that comes from above,
And welcome thy Lord, if he deign to renew thee
An heir of his kingdom, a child of his love.

Now, triumph and honour, thanksgiving and blessing,
To Him who was slain that the sinner might live !
The gift of his grace, which we joy in possessing,
He died to receive, and receives but to give.
This armour of proof we are girding around thee ;
—For we have been wounded and foiled in the fray—
And oh may the helm of salvation have crowned thee,
A glory and guard through life's perilous day !

TO J— W— B.

ON HIS SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

How time rolls on : the seasons seem
Like passing shadows in a dream.
Methinks it was but yesterday
I led thee on thy venturous way,
When first essaying to explore
The mazes of the parlour-floor ;
'Twas but as yester eve I spread
A pillow for thy infant head,
And weeping sought the Lord to bless
My sacred charge—the fatherless.

Yet they are times long past and gone ;
Years noiselessly have journeyed 'on,
And the dear babe I lulled to rest
So oft upon this anxious breast,
Far from his home now meets the strife,
And treads the slippery paths of life.
Absent from sight, from memory never,
By absence more endeared than ever,

Loved object of the daily prayer,
The nightly dream—the waking care—
His name, his image still combined
With every thought that stirs the mind.

Dear youth, with swelling heart I trace
The promise of thy opening race,
And yield adoring praise, and own
That, guiding thee by ways unknown,
The Lord thy God hath cast thy lines
Where His own presence brightly shines.
Not among giddy souls who press
For gain, despising godliness ;
But where the Gospel treasure lies
Most honoured in the merchant's eyes,
And where the faithful pastor's care
Wins to the fold, reveals the snare :
And where the dove can nightly come
To shadow o'er thy quiet home,
And warm true hearts have learned to move
Towards thee with a parental love.

Beloved young merchant ! mayst thou know
To gain the wealthiest prize below :
O may thy eager grasp enfold
That goodly pearl of price untold,
And to thy longing soul be given
Enduring treasure, lodged in heaven.

This first—and then of humble wealth,
And harmless joy and glowing health,
Unclouded days and nights of peace,
And honest industry's increase,
Whatever portion love divine
Sees good for thee, dear youth be thine !

And ever as the rolling year
Bids this bright morning re-appear,
May no remorseful thought o'er cast
The record of the seasons past :
May'st thou no crooked deed have done,
Unworthy of thy father's son ;
Nor tarnished with a spot of shame
The British merchant's honoured name ;
Nor with unblest companions trod
In paths that lead the soul from God.
O then with thankful heart draw nigh,
And ask in faith a new supply
Of all that Jesus' blood hath bought,
All that the Spirit's power hath wrought,
All that can cheer thy pilgrim way,
And bring thee to eternal day.

Blackheath.

TO A SICK CHILD.

FEAR not little suffering boy,
For no danger shall come near thee,
God His angels does employ
Thus to guard and thus to cheer thee ;
Fear thou not the cruel foe,
Jesus Christ has laid him low—
He is chained—he comes not near—
Little Henry, do not fear,
God who dwells in Heaven above,
Looks on thee with tend'rest love ;
Jesus Christ has sent us thus
Thy poor trembling heart to raise,
Little Henry join with us,
Join to sing thy Saviour's praise.

1832.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

“ I am distressed for thee, my brother, very pleasant hast thou been
to me.”

I WEEP for thee—though mortal eye
No bursting tear-drop now survey,
But deem the fount of anguish dry,
And hope the pang hath passed away.
One lowly, lonely spot appears,
That darkens every joy to me ;
From all that charms, from all that cheers,
Brother, I turn to weep for thee.

The grass is on thy distant grave,
And many a careless step hath trod
Amid the weeds that rankly wave,
And cluster round th’ unguarded sod.
Oft, oft within the gay parterre,
When other eyes are bright with glee,
My thought, unnoticed, wanders there,
And my lone spirit weeps for thee.

Unmarked may seasons roll away ;
The sun hath annual circuits sped,
And many a moon, with waning ray
Hath lit the dew-drop o'er thy head.
—And art thou prisoned deep in earth ?
My soul still questions—Can it be ?
That glow of health—that smile of mirth—
O can I cease to weep for thee ?

But rich the brightening gleam that steals
Where grief her vigil long hath kept,
When He His favoring love reveals.
Who with the mourning sisters wept.
I love to fall at Jesus' feet,
And to His gentle ear complain ;
He soothes me with assurance sweet,
“Thy brother shall arise again.”

“I hide him from thy longing sight,
Till my unfailing hand hath wrought
A work of mystery and might,
Far to surpass thy grovelling thought.
How oft in agony of prayer
Didst thou commit that soul to me !
Before thy storm-tossed spirit there,
Believing, though thou can'st not see.”

Lord, I believe—and O do Thou
Each rising doubt in mercy quell !
Assist my chastened soul to bow—
I would but sorrow,—not rebel.
I prayed :—from thunder's darkest cloud,
In wrathful guise, an answer pealed.
Mysterious !—through that sombre cloud
Be now Thy love's soft beam revealed !

The heart its secret anguish knows,
Nor strangers of its joy partake.
The tear of wounded nature flows,
But hope's reviving sunbeams break.
And soft the rainbow tints unite,
And point that far-off land to me
Where soon shall Faith be lost in sight,
And, brother, I'll rejoice with thee.*

Gaybrook, Ireland, *July* 12, 1837.

* [She "rejoiced with him" in the presence of the Lamb, *July* 12, 1846.]

LINES

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU IN AN ALBUM, WHEN ON A VISIT
TO HER UNCLE AND AUNT, AFTER AN INTERVAL
OF MANY YEARS SINCE THEIR LAST MEETING.

I COULD deem them a vision, the years that are flown,
The wandering path that my footsteps have known,
For the smiles, that beam on me with magical power,
Have called back the dewy, the sunshiny hour,
Ere on life's stormy billow my frail bark was tost
From this home of my bosom,—so loved, and so lost !
I am seated once more 'neath the shadowing tree
Whose boughs are a shade and a shelter to me,
And the buds that now bloom have an aspect so fair
That, gazing, I deem them the blossoms that were !
Delusion too sweet, too endearing to last !
Deep-scathed by the heart-searching storms that have past,
I turn the long valley of years to review,
Where time, the swift Parthian, still smote as he flew.

Yet sweet the command that enjoins me to trace,
A line from my hand where my heart finds a place ;

'Mid those dear ties of kindred, those records of love,
Those feelings so sanctioned and blessed from above ;
For, oh ! not a page, as I scann'd it, but woke
Some deep seated chord, that responsively spoke,
While memory her mirror held high to my view ;
Loved friends of my youth ! it was peopled by you ;
And he too the dear one—the spirit of mirth,
Now shrouded in darkness and blending with earth,
Alas, we may look on his orphans and mourn,
For years that rolled by us and will not return.

Yet who that hath tasted life's potion of woe
Would covet a rest in this desert below ?
'Tis Love that still loosens our earth-cleaving ties,
And calls the chill soul from its slumber to rise.
Love, guided by wisdom, still stooping to spread
The thorn in our path, and the cloud o'er our head ;
Not willing to grieve, but with gracious appeal,
Correcting for profit, and smiting to heal ;
All praise be to Him who hath purchased a home,
Where the weary may rest, and the outcast may come ;
May every dear name that this volume hath graced,
In the volume of life be indelibly traced !
Though oceans divide, or the grave may dis sever,
Souls resting on Him are united for ever.

Highgate, May 8, 1830.

THE FAMILY JUBILEE.

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING-DAY OF A DEAR
MATERNAL UNCLE.

IN days that are gone, when young life was before me,
How fondly my heart in this circle would twine,
Unconscious of clouds that were gathering o'er me,
I deemed that your love-lightened lot would be mine.
But sombre and dark was the path of my roaming,
Now past is the tempest and bright is my way,
And if not in presence, in heart, I am coming,
To joy in your joy, on this Jubilee day.

How fair is the wreath we so proudly are placing,
Half a century crowning, of fondness and truth ;
Long, long, may it flourish, unfadingly gracing
Your age, as it shone on the ringlets of youth !
Long, long, may your offspring, their offspring surround
you,
Love blended with loyalty, proud to display ;
All praise be to Him, whose rich mercy has crowned you
With blessings so rich, to this Jubilee day.

And yet, mid our gladness, a sigh will be stealing,
For some are not here ;—be their memory sweet !
Through a vista of hope, the bright region revealing
When all who are Christ's in His presence shall meet ;
But though mortal joy must be checquered with sorrow ;
All gloom from your meeting be banish'd away,
And seasons to come, in their circuit shall borrow
A sparkle of light from this Jubilee day.

Blackheath, 1841.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT WOODSIDE, SEPT. 8, 1840.

How beautiful, how bright,
Through the soft gloom of night,
Yon zone of lamps, girdling the river's pride !
With many a varied dye
They flash upon the eye,
And glance reflected from the sparkling tide.

Yet from this darksome earth
They date their unblest birth,
And glow with but a base terrestrial fire ;
Beneath the coming day
They sicken and decay,
And quenched in sunbeams unobserved expire.

But, lo ! upon the stream
Descends a living beam,
And gently spreads, a pale calm solemn ray,

Nocturnal watch to keep,
O'er those who plough the deep,
Then blush and brighten into sunny day.

In silver mantle clad
The little waves seem glad,
And blythely ripple murmuring their delight,
Tall ships with swelling sail
And the weak shallop, hail
Their guide, and scorn the perils of the night.

Be mine the calm light given,
From the high courts of heav'n
Then earth's gay flames may glitter or may die ;
I reckon not of her toys,
Vain hopes and empty joys,
But bathe me in thy beams, O blest eternity.

THE SWAN.

BEYOND the ruby portal of the west
Day's golden orb his pillowing cloud hath pressed,
And sped the breeze, to wake its measured sigh,
Through earth's wide realm, a whispering lullaby ;
That drowsy pinion sweeps the mountain's brow,
Dimples the stream, and waves the drooping bough.
Prince of the lake ! I seek this blue domain,
And press the margin of thy liquid reign,
To mark thy stately form, at vesper-hour,
Glide to the covert of its willow bower.
Now heaves the plume, and floats the monarch by,
As fleecy vapours skim the moonlight sky ;
And sterner reason half forgets to blame
The dream of folly, decked by classic fame,
Though pagan fancy in thy beauteous guise,
Enshroud the fabled ruler of the skies,
And feign a tale of visionary love,
A shadowy Leda for a phantom Jove ;

O'er the proud form a wild illusion throw,
Its fabric ether, and its robe the snow,
Caught from the region of her glittering birth,
Ere blent and tainted with the gales of earth.
Majestically calm, in conscious might,
He spreads his bosom to the trembling light ;
Mantling his neck, innoxious thunders dwell,
Or nestling, slumber 'neath the downy swell ;
Rests the bold curve upon its bending arch,
And gurgling waters close around his viewless march.

There's music in thy motion ; such as creeps
O'er the charmed spirit when the billow sleeps,
And idly sporting with the zephyr's sigh,
Droops the white sail beneath a starry sky ;
The top-mast, pointing to that radiant height,
With slow, mute movement, counts the gems of night ;
Till, grosser sense to deep oblivion wrought,
On loftier pinion soars unfettered thought,
Glides where the spheres their mystic orbits wreathe,
And learns the voiceless harmony they breathe.

Thou lovely produce of a wond'rous hand,
Thou denizen of ether, ocean, land,
Whose wing unfurling on the wistful eye,
Tells of a gentler home, a softer sky,
White, lingering long below, thy downy form
Shines through the gloom, and beautifies the storm ;

I liken thee to that ethereal guest,
The spotless tenant of a holy breast ;
Earnest of glory in compassion given
To earth's dark sphere, a delegate of heaven ;
Like thee with tranquil majesty to sweep
Life's wrinkling wave, and gleam upon the deep,
The cold recess with patient step explore,
Yet heave the snowy plume and pant to soar,
Till, taught thy parting melody to raise,
Soft on the dying lip dissolves the note of praise.

Sandhurst, 1825.

THE CISTUS AND THE HEART'S-EASE.

EXHALED from evening's glowing sky,
A zephyr breathed along the dell,
'Twas soft as young love's stealing sigh,
Yet where it passed the Cistus fell.
Child of the morn ! thou couldst not bide
The veiling of that golden hue,
The closing shades of eventide,
The cold touch of the trickling dew.
No gem more sweetly, softly fair
Beneath the fickle sunbeam shone,
Thy perfume fed the noontide air
But night is come, and thou art gone !

Symbol of earthly hope ! the guest
Of beaming hours, who cannot rest
In shades that darkly intervene
To chequer life's revolving scene ;
I place thee in my summer-bower
A beauteous but a worthless flower ;

For well I know thou wilt not stay
To smile upon my closing day,
Nor thy reviving odours breathe
Amid stern winter's scanty wreath.

Fare thee well—I bend to greet
A bud that sprung beneath thy feet,
And now exalts its lowly head
Over thy untimely bed.

What though captious taste deride
And put that humble form aside,
Gentle flower, I cannot frown
On thy velvet mantle's down,
On thy bright and golden crest,
Glowing like the radiant west,
Lightly streaked and dappled too
With purple clouds of regal hue.

I have seen thy fairy form
Ride the blast and brave the storm,
Seen thee, the unchanged compeer
Of every flower that crowns the year ;
Now thy opening petal swells
Where thy sister violet dwells—
Half concealed and half displayed,
Peeping through the fragrant shade.
Now thy painted vesture glows,
Handmaid of the stately rose,

Where in blushing grace she reigns,
Queen of June's enamell'd plains.
Now the garden's glory fails
Blighted by autumnal gales,
Faint and dull the lingering few,
Weak of scent and pale of hue,
Still in all thy sprightly air,
All thy sweetness thou art there.

Now I see the snow-drop rise
Underneath the scowling skies,
Bending o'er the frozen earth,
That gave her joyless being birth,
As seeking with dejected head
For her last cold silent bed.
Only thou, unchanging flower,
Smilest on her dreary hour.
Come thou then, and to my heart
Somewhat of thyself impart,
Let the flowrets of the field
Wisdom teach and solace yield,
Cannot He who bade thee blend
With every change He wills to send,
Nourish me with grace divine
Still to suffer, still to shine ?
Make me humble, guileless, pure,
Bid my wav'ring faith endure,

Calm the wind, and stay the storm,
Raging round a feeble form ;
Lift my head and bid me prove
The strength of His sustaining love !

Morning joys may bloom, and fail,
Scattered in the evening gale,
But He who thy soft vesture paints,
Never wearies, never faints ;
And the soul in Jesus blest,
Triumphs in abiding rest.

THE BARONS OF ENGLAND.

“GIRT with many a Baron bold,”

When Britain's royal maiden stood,
She bade their stalwart hands unfold
Her lion-banner purged from blood ;
While pure and fair the day-beam broke,
Through murky wreaths of smouldering smoke,
That like a dream of terror passed, and showed
The martyr's azure track to their own bright abode !

Those were the days of England's pride,
Each Baron then in his castled home,
Firm in his fearless faith defied
The thunders of apostate Rome ;
And flung a stainless shield between
All danger and his virgin queen,
And hailed his isle from ancient thralldom free,
Glory of all the lands, and sovereign of the sea !

Where is now the fire that glowed
In bosoms prompt for noblest deed ?
Or where the tide that richly flowed,
Through throbbing veins at Runnimede ?
The phalanx that should girdle round
Their maiden monarch's palace-ground,
And stern in keen-eyed loyalty repel,
The oft-detected foe, and burst th' unhallowed spell ?

And where the full, the manly tone,
That chorus'd Britain's loud protest,
That bade her altar and her throne,
Safe in their honest keeping rest !
Ye nobles of the noblest isle
That ever hushed in Freedom's smile,
On the proud tree of your rich ancestry
Doth every leaf turn sear—must every blossom die ?

THE FAREWELL OF THE DROWNING MISSIONARIES.

BROTHERS, farewell ! our task is done,
Our leader stands on Canaan's shore,
The prize, the glorious crown is won,
His war-worn soldiers toil no more.
The conqu'ring palm His hands display,
White robes are gleaming through the gloom,
The Spirit calls—away, away,
To where the eternal pastures bloom !

Farewell our own sweet distant isle,
Whose hosts Jehovah's temples throng ;
Long bask thou in the beaming smile
Of Him who makes thy mountain strong.
Heralds of peace, from thee we came,
Weep not thy sons beneath the wave—
Rejoice—in our Redeemer's name,
We triumph o'er this briny grave.

Farewell poor Afric's sable race ;
 Soon be the galling links unbound—
The wine of love—the oil of grace,
 Be poured in many a smarting wound.
Oh, be laborious hands employed
 To gather in the ripening grain ;
Be Canaan's blighting curse destroyed,
 And Zion's blessing blanch the stain.

Ye too, farewell, who shuddering gaze
 On the dark gulph that frowns for you—
Led by mysterious, awful ways,
 To Him whose love ye never knew ;
The tongue of blasphemy abhorred
 Hath groaned repentant, cried in prayer,
Cleave to the Rock, your shield, and Lord,
 Eternal safety nestles there.

Our babes ! upon the parents' ear
 How sadly plains your drowning cry !
Alas ! we cannot draw you near
 Nor yield a gentler lullaby :
But, oh, a few short moment's past ;
 We'll bear you to the gates of Heav'n,
And at Jehovah's footstool cast
 The treasures by His bounty given.

Aye, in that land,—no longer far—
The king's rare beauty we'll behold,
And brighter than the morning star
We'll sparkle in our crowns of gold.
Lift your wild heads, ye bellowing waves,
And whelm us in the mighty swell ;
Our bodies to their ocean graves—
Our souls to Jesus—world, farewell !

This poem was written on the death of three Wesleyan Missionaries, and their families, who were stationed at the Island of Antigua, and were wrecked on their return from St. Christopher's, where a district meeting had been held. After a night and day, passed amid a stormy wind and heavy sea, they approached St. John's harbour towards sunset. The missionaries were on deck, expressing their joy at the prospect of soon reaching home, and the children were singing in the cabin, and playing around their mother. Suddenly the cry was raised, "Breakers a-head," and in a few moments she struck on a reef. The brethren rushed towards the cabin, the mothers snatched up the children, and rushed through the pouring flood, which was now fast filling the vessel, to their husbands on deck ; and the passengers and crew were soon hanging on the bulwarks and rails of the quarter-deck, while the sea beat over her in a terrific manner. In this situation the passengers remained nearly one hour, calling on Him who alone could save them, and endeavouring to comfort themselves and one another with the prospects of a blissful eternity. The waist of the vessel then gave way, and precipitated all who were clinging to the rails of the quarter-deck into the sea. The children as they floated on the surface of their watery grave, cried much, but the missionaries and their wives calmly met their death. They cried out to those who were on the wreck, "Farewell, the Lord bless you ;" and they in return repeated the affecting "Farewell !"—and offered up the same prayer to God. "Lord have mercy on us"—"God save us," were the solemn ejaculations that now passed through the lips of the drowning brethren ! In a few minutes the dear children ceased to cry : and the voice of prayer was turned into endless praise.—*Extracted from the Journal of one of the survivors.*

TO DIE IS GAIN.

Go, Spirit ; leave this crumbling sphere,
Thou wert not formed to linger here ;
No more mid earth's dark dwellings roam,
This is thine exile, not thy home.

To Heav'n away ! thy Lord is there,
His hands thy glorious home prepare ;
He beckons thee, and bids thee go—
And wouldst thou loiter yet below ?

There life's unfailing river swells,
There everlasting splendour dwells,
And there upon his dazzling throne,
Unveiled, Jehovah's face is shown.

Then bid this sullen world, good night,
Blithely pursue thy heav'nward flight,
Wide let thy new-formed pinions stream,
And bathe them in the day-spring's beam.

Go, in a robe of glory shine,
Thy ransom's paid, the crown is thine—
And ever-during joy awaits
Thy entrance through the eternal gates.

TO J— E—.

AFTER MEETING WITH HIM AT THE BEDSIDE OF A
DYING CHRISTIAN.

PAST is the fleeting hour of prayer,
And gathering thick the clouds of care
Darken the view where, but awhile,
Radiant in hope's celestial smile
 The brightened scene was glowing ;
While from the little holy band,
Prostrate beneath a Father's hand,
 The prayer of faith was flowing.

Past is the scene ; but there was given
One bright but transient glimpse of Heaven,
One vista opened on the sight
Of such unutterable light,
That sweeter shall the memory be
Of that poor Christian's dying bed,
Than all that earth and air and sea
Can from their mingled treasures shed,

Oft shall my melting heart recal
That little lowly cabin wall,
And murmur, as in thought I see
His brow impressed with peace divine,
‘O let me live to Christ like thee,
And be my closing hour as thine !’

‘ Knocktopher, 1821.

TO A CRIPPLED BEGGAR.

ON HIS DEPARTURE TO GLORY.

[A Fragment.]

A kind farewell, a glad farewell, to speed thee on thy
flight,
Beyond the sun's remotest ray, beyond the fires of
night,—
Beyond the deep mysterious void to mortal ken
unknown,
And through the everlasting doors, and to the sapphire
throne.

Go, spirit, go—not love itself could plead for thy delay,
Nor bursting sigh pursuing bid thee linger on thy way :
Poor cripple, thou hast won the race, where giants strove
in vain !
Poor beggar, lifted from the mire, commence thy kingly
reign !
Thy wretchedness to rapture turned, thy garret to a
throne,
Thy famine to an endless feast, to endless songs thy
groan.

Oh, for a step to follow thee ! an eye to trace thy flight !
My thought surmounts yon starry orbs that sparkle
thro' the night ;

It soars among seraphic hosts, and wishful spreads its
wing

To reach the far-off land, and see the beauty of its King.
But never shall unholy flesh that blissful sight attain,
Dissolving Death must first divorce the spirit from her
chain.

* * * * *

St. Giles's.

THE CRY.

“ The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ?

All flesh is grass,

And all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field ;

Because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it ;

Surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth :

But the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.”

Isaiah xl. 6—8.

“ CRY,” said the voice.—What cry

Shall echo forth ? Shall I proclaim

Of lordly man the regal destiny,

The grandeur of his form, the glory of his name ?

Shall I pourtray his proud dominion, spread

O'er earth's subjected tribes ? before his feet

How the tall stag, the mighty bull retreat,

And bends beneath his curb the steed's majestic head ?

“ Cry, and be man thy theme”—

I'll deck his towering brow ; I'll crest it high

With warrior plumes, and bid the lightning's gleam

Flash from his kindling eye.

His swelling lip shall shout no more,
Defiance to the race of hill and wood ;
But fiercely 'gainst his fellow man shall pour
The battle note of wrath, the cry for kindred blood.
Or shall I bid him seize with piercing ken
Whate'er of mystery nature would conceal,
Explore the depths remote of ocean's den,
And through its wondrous maze the comet's path reveal ?

“ Cry,—man shall be thy theme :
Before thee let his glory pass,
The glory of the meadow's grass
That shrinks and withers in the morning's beam.
Pourtray his beauty—let his cheek
Glow with the damask rose's dye,
And sprinkle dew-drops in his glittering eye ;
Oh faintly doth the shining flower bespeak
Man's loveliness, and tell his vaunted destiny !
Why shrivels up the grass, why fades the flower ?
The spirit of the Lord hath passed—His breath,
The breathings of His holiness and power,
Touched the polluted shrub—it sickened into death.
Aye, man, who cows the lion, curbs the steed,
Is cropped as lightly as the blade that yields
A breakfast to the kid ;—the zephyr wields
A weapon all-sufficient for the deed.
The Spirit of the Lord hath passed him by,
Low lies the blighted grass ; the flower hath drooped to
die !

Yet cry aloud, and yet be man the theme,
Yon sun, that through the cloudless heaven doth roll,
Flings not such splendor from his noontide beam,
Nor so triumphantly can spurn at time's control.

THE WORD—JEHOVAH'S WORD !

The morning stars together sang
And seraph shouts through the bright mansions rang,

When that immutable decree was heard—

JEHOVAH'S WORD, that cannot pass away,

Hath stamped eternity on breathing clay :

That WORD, irradiate with divinity,

In dust hath tabernacled—hath been found

As a soft plant, up-sprung from barren ground,

And throned the form of flesh omnipotent on high.

Surpassing wonder ! Cry aloud, proclaim

Man's everlasting name.

No more of sublunary triumphs tell ;

Man conquers death and hell. ”

Mourn not, thou beauteous transitory flower,

Thy short uncertain hour ;

For though the Spirit's parting breath consume,

To vivify He slays, and quenches to illume.

July, 1828.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP HEBER.

“ If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengal's palmy grove
Listening to the nightingale!
If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gently would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.”

Lines by BISHOP HEBER.

Nor all the note of nightingales,
Amid the palmy tree,
Nor all the spicy breath that sails
O'er Gunga's mimic sea ;
Nor softest smile of wedded love,
Nor baby's lisping strain,
Could lure thy spirit from above
To this cold world again.

Now on thy soul's awakened ear,
Fall Melodies divine ;
Life's crystal fount is gushing near,
The Lamb thy light doth shine ;

And eye to eye Jehovah shews
The splendour of His throne,
Wisdom and love their depths disclose,
And Heaven is all thine own.

For thou, like the diurnal sun,
Fulfill'dst thy Maker's plan,
Thy duteous circuit, meekly run,
Imparted light to man ;
Too early set !—that golden ray
Forsook our shadowy mound
To find a land—far, far away,
A king,—with beauty crowned !

But who the wondrous path may tell,
By thee so fleetly trod !
Thine eyelid for a moment fell,
And, lo ! thou saw'st thy God.
Thou deem'st not that to Jordan's wave
Thy willing foot was brought,
Till cleared the opening sky, and gave,
The heaven that filled thy thought.

Men, wrapt in mental darkness, dream
Thy night of death is come ;
Nor view the living rays that stream
Round thy triumphant home :

Then rest thee, where those glories shine,
Thou blessed of the Lord !
Till He, o'er all His mighty name
Hath magnified His word.

Then, then among the shouting throng,
Thy very dust shall rise,
Thy tongue shall peal a nobler song
Amid the vocal skies ;
And, while resound thy harpings clear
Upon the glassy sea,
May those beloved most deeply here
In bliss exult with thee !

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

WITH A COPY OF "CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS."

ARRAYED in life's young gladness
Though now thy moments shine,
Dark hours of silent sadness
May yet be thine.

Spring's garlands blooming by thee,
The golden beams of day,
All, all that sparkles nigh thee,
Must fade away !

These pages, now before thee,
May waken then the tear,
Full fraught with many a story
To Memory dear.

Leaf after leaf revealing
Some record of the dead,
Shall shade thy softened feeling,
And bow thine head.

And I, amid the number,
Would claim a hallowed place,
Ere yet I sink to slumber
In death's embrace.

E'en from the grave still naming
A bleeding Saviour's love,
All peace on earth proclaiming
All joy above.

The glorious theme dispelling
Each cloud of earth-born care
I'd bid thee seek his dwelling
And join me there.

[From the grave she does still name a bleeding Saviour's love. The Epitaph she directed to be engraved on her tomb is, "Here lie the mortal remains of Charlotte Elizabeth, who died LOOKING UNTO JESUS."]

TO THE
MEMORY OF MR. AND MRS. FORSTER.
WHO WERE LOST IN THE WRECK OF THE ROTHSAV
CASTLE, SEPT. 1831.

OH ! for the lovely death of those, who found
Their Lord amid the storm ! the moonbeam shone
Calm, holy, soft, upon the deep profound,
In that wild tumult tranquilly alone !
And they confessed by Jesus as His own,
So calm, so holy, on the rude wave rode,
And caught, through howling winds the seraph's tone ;
Upborne on billows to the sweet abode
That to their closing eye its golden portals shewed.

One prayer, one sigh ! one was their parting breath—
And when did wreath so beautiful entwine
The brow of wedded love ? Divorcing Death
E'en thou wast baffled here : thou wast a shrine
In never-ending bridal to combine

Whom thou alone couldst part. Oh, gentle king,
They saw no terror in that shaft of thine,
By Jesus' blood dismantled of its sting,
Tipped with celestial gold, and plumed from angel's wing.

Weep on—there is a sunshine in the tear
Rich as the tint of summer's morning hour :
We know, with knowledge most divinely clear,
That glory hath absorbed them, that the power
Of Deity has wrought to give a dower
By any uncomputed, though they long
To fathom its abyss. The shining bower,
The nuptial banquet, the attendant throng,
There, these must be the theme of an immortal song !

THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

WRITTEN ON SEEING OFF THE TOWER THE VESSEL
CONVEYING HER REMAINS TO SCOTLAND.

Oh, bear her gently, gently on,
Old Thames, upon thy heaving bosom,
For never on its tide were strown
The fragments of a fairer blossom.
She flourished in a bright parterre,
A maiden rose in sweetness blooming,
Unconscious that a blight was there,
Unmindful of a tempest coming.

It burst—that storm of factious hate,
It fell—that blight of envious malice,
And England weeps the rosebud's fate,
And mourns the guilt of England's palace.
Ah, rarely hath such deed been done
Where England's royal standard floated,
Or England's chivalry looked on
While innocence was death-devoted !

'Tis past : the happy soul hath flown
To Him who first its being gave it,
And in the trying hour made known
Th' eternal love that died to save it.
That thought our sweetest solace brings ;
She, when the tempest gathered round her,
Found shelter with the King of kings
From every arrow poised to wound her.

Take, Scotia, take thy flower again,
And spread thy green turf gently o'er her,
And raise a bold, a melting strain,
At once to triumph and deplore her.
The trophies of her martial line,
With many a high achievement laden,
Can boast no wreath like that we twine
For the cold brow of this dead maiden.

Oh, sterner far her battle field,
More rich the prize of her contending,
When tremblingly she grasped the shield,
Beneath the mighty conflict bending.
Ay, bending till in death she bowed
Her tender frame, but shrinking never ;
Her dark assailants quailed and cowed,
And her pure fame made bright for ever.

Then 'mid our low lamenting lay
Be heard one note of solemn gladness,
And let one flash of rapture play
Upon the care-knit brow of sadness,
Though "done to death by slanderous tongues,"
No more she feels their hate oppressing,
And, gentle lady, all thy wrongs
May work for England's weal a blessing.

Thou, widowed one, whose drooping head
Hath been the mark of savage scorning,
For thee a nation's tears are shed,
Thy sorrow wakes a people's mourning ;
And when to her lone resting-place
Fraternal tenderness hath brought her,
England will teach an infant race
To lisp the wrongs of Moira's daughter.

Then bear her gently, gently on,
Old Thames, upon thy heaving bosom ;
For never on its tide were strown
The fragments of a fairer blossom.

[The two first verses of this poem were written in pencil in a carriage after crossing London Bridge, and finished immediately after arriving at a friend's house in Pall Mall.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN REPLY TO A POEM SENT BY A FRIEND,
ENTITLED "THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR."

"There's a land where those who lov'd when here,
Shall meet to love again."

THERE's a land where those who lov'd on earth,
Shall rest on a peaceful shore,
Where love shall glow of celestial birth,
And sighing be heard no more.
If, grav'd by the hand of faith divine,
And deep on our hearts impress'd,
We bear the red cross—our Master's sign
And blazon it on our crest.

It will not suffice—unseen, untold,
To cherish the cross within ;
The world must our glorious badge behold,
Defying the arms of sin.

It will not suffice that we wide display
The ensign of heavenly power ;
The soul must bend to its awful sway
In solitude's silent hour.

O many a conflict, deep and rude,
The labouring heart must know,
Each day and each hour must see subdued
Some fierce and treacherous foe.
But the chief of the Christian host is by,
Unseen, yet for ever near,
He pitying marks each struggling sigh,
And numbers each silent tear.

For He hath been clothed in a veil of flesh,
And knoweth our feeble frame,
And with dews of grace will our souls refresh,
When scorched by the tempter's flame.
And He will be nigh in the evil hour,
When sorrow and sin abound ;
Upheld by the arm of Almighty power,
We'll march through the charmed ground.

In the hour of fear and greatest need,
He gives us the Spirit's sword ;
" O how can I do this evil deed,
" And sin against the Lord !"

And when the blast of the serpent's breath,
 Would poison with viewless art,
He shows where the issues of life and death,
 Are hid in the conscious heart.

Then follow the Lord of light and life,
 And bear the red cross on high ;
Though nature may fail in the bitter strife ;
 Shrink not—'tis but to die !
'Tis but to rest the weary head
 Where the wicked distress no more ;
To slumber unseen in a lowly bed,
 Till the passing night is o'er.

And O ! what a brilliant morn will rise,
 When with reviving brow,
We shall gaze—and ask in glad surprise :
 “ Where are the troubles now ? ”
The stubborn foes of God are drowned
 In a sea of vengeful ire,
And the foul accuser, sealed and bound,
 Rolls in the lake of fire.

Yes ! there's a land where Christians love
 With such celestial flame,
As brought the Lord from his throne above,
 To the cells of woe and shame ;

A land—to sorrow and sin unknown,
Where basking in cloudless rays,
We shall circle around that glorious throne,
With songs of exulting praise.

In Salem—bright with the Saviour's beam,
We will hold communion sweet ;
Where trees of life shade the living stream,
That flows through the shining street.
Where Peter's tears no longer fall,
Where John hath sat him down,
Beside his beloved Lord, and Paul,
Has gain'd the unfading crown.

The Spirit and Bride invite us—Come !
For Jesus will not delay ;
Our Shepherd calls his wanderers home,
And points the heavenward way.
O think no more of pains and cares,
But rise from this earthly den ;
The LORD his welcome approach declares,
And we echo John's AMEN.

Kilkenny, 1821.

TO JOHN, LORD FARNHAM.

No sapless form of mimic hue,
No deception meets thy view,
'Tis the green offspring of the sod,
'Tis the pure workmanship of God ;
And if a dew-drop gem the leaf,
Deem it the tear of Erin's grief,
That few of many hearts should feel
The kindlings of her Farnham's zeal.

Poor Erin's grateful love would send
This symbol to her long-tried friend,
Would bid its deep rich verdure show
His constancy in weal and woe,
Which dared, while coward souls withdrew,
Dared to be faithful, firm, and true,
To lift the voice, and stretch the hand,
In pleadings for his bartered land.

Yes, noble Farnham, thou hast stood
A barrier gainst the rushing flood,
And still the foaming billows faced
O'erwhelm'd by numbers, not displaced.
A watch-tower built with bootless care
To bid a drunken crew beware ;
Ah, many a scattered wreck shall show
How true thy warning note of woe !

Honored and blessed ! while Erin's race
Yet linger round thy dwelling-place,
There cannot lack a lip to frame
Its tend'rest tones to Farnham's name.
Warriors, and senators, and kings,
May perish as unnoticed things,
But death and hell shall never blight
What thou hast sown—the seed of light.

Yet far be boasting from thy heart,
Since grace hath made thee what thou art,
Thou like the shamrock from the sod,
Art the sole workmanship of God.
And long may heaven's refreshing dew
Thy life sustain—thy zeal renew,
While grateful hearts around thee move,
In the full throb of Erin's love.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

THY dark-bannered eagle, the Muscovite's glory,
That soar'd in the battle may droop o'er thy bier,
The war-broken vet'ran who dwells on the story,
May gem the proud laurel he wreathes with a tear :
The peasant who slumber'd secure on his pillow
While thou in thy tent wert afield, may deplore
As shrinking he looks on the turbulent billow,
The storms of destruction that menace his shore.

The nations that once thronged thy path with the
blessing
Of bondmen enfranchised, may sigh at thy doom,
And monarch's erewhile their brave comrade caressing,
May start mid their revels and think on the tomb.
Oh ! cold were the bosom, and stern were the feeling
That pity's soft plaint o'er thy relics would bar,
While sadly the gentle remembrance is stealing,
And Britain, who welcom'd thee, mourn for the Czar.

But, hark ! on the breeze comes an accent of weeping,
 And deeper lamentings re-echo around,
 The virgins of Zion in sorrow are steeping
 Their harp, by thy hand from the willows unbound :
 That tremulous harp, in its wailing shall render
 Far richer renown than earth's victors can know,
 And build thee a name of more durable splendour
 Than heroes may covet, or empires bestow.

'Twas thine to encircle this crown of dominion
 With buds of the olive, ere long to expand ;
 To nourish the eagle, whose freshly-plumed pinion
 Untiring shall mount at Jehovah's command
 To lift up a standard, the outcasts assembling
 And scatter the life-giving word in their way ;
 That Judah, no more in captivity trembling,
 From dust might arise, and her Saviour survey.

They deem'd thee a Cyrus, in mercy anointed,
 Whose spirit was stirred by our God to go through,
 Preparing the path for his lost ones appointed,
 And waving a sceptre of peace to their view.
 A watchman wert thou, in the night of their sorrow,
 Who marked from his turret the breaking of morn,
 And cheerily spoke of that bright-beaming morrow,
 Still breathing the message, " Enquire and return."

For this be thy mem'ry embalmed on the pages
Not destined to perish like tablets of stone,
The first in a long stream of dark rolling ages
Who kindled that beacon of love on a throne !
The LORD in his wisdom hath summoned thy spirit ;
All righteous is He, and we bow to the rod ;
But, oh ! may the monarchs of Europe inherit
Thy mantle, which shadowed the people of God.

March, 1826.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALBUM.

NO. 1.

“Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.”—HAB. xiii. 3.

THINK on them, for they are weeping,
O'er a harsh and hopeless chain ;
Or in mirth unholy steeping
Thoughts that rive the maddening brain.
Still at early dawn—remember,
Must the babe the mother leave,
Stifling love's undying ember
—'Twere a crime for slaves to grieve !
Lashed to toil—how oft the Father
Yet reverts a boding eye ;
Who his helpless lambs shall gather
While the white wolf prowls so nigh ?

Think, around thy own sweet slumbers,
Musters an angelic host ;
They by dark satanic numbers
Blinded, wrecked, deceived, and lost.
Palsied age, infantine weakness,
Burning hate, affection fond,
Ruffian vice, and maiden meekness,
Clasped within an iron bond !
Bound with them !—oh, doubly tender
Be our sense of Afric's gain,
Guarded by our isle's defender
From the semblance of a chain.
We, our Master's cross partaking,
Still our Master's throne survey,
Through the clouds of sadness breaking
Beams of glory gild our way :
They in reckless desperation,
Wildly gay, or sternly calm,
Hear no word of free salvation,
Feel no drop of heavenly balm.
Bound with them !—Oh, link of sorrow !
Shuddering nature loathes the tie—
Yet beware—a darker morrow,
Christian, may deform thy sky.
Thou unthinking, unobservant,
May'st a cup of vengeance fill ;
Oh, how many a heedless servant
Knows and scorns his Master's will !

As thou metest to another,
Wrath or mercy crowns thy brim ;
Look upon thy negro brother—
Be one moment *bound with him*,
Slave, in flesh and spirit weary—
Ponder what thy need would be—
Ponder deep the touching query,
That thy brother asks of thee !

ANTI-SLAVERY ALBUM.

NO. II.

“ Hail to thee Alblon, who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam ;
With no bond but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, temple of Liberty—thou art my home.”

MOORE.

SPIRIT of Liberty ! where dost thou dwell ?
—“ Here where the children of Liberty smile,
High on the mountain, and low in the dell,
Wide on the billows that circle your isle.
Ages on ages the nations have known,
Wave-girdled Britain is Liberty's throne.”

Spirit of Liberty ! deep in my soul
Kindles a rapture inspired by thy breath,
Luminous birthright that none may control,
Glowing in life ; it will glimmer in death—
Poverty, sickness, and sorrow in vain
Smile on my bosom, so thou dost remain.

Spirit of liberty ! dost thou not ride

Buoyant and light on the breezes at morn ?
Over my footpath invisibly glide ?

Laugh from my cot the oppressor to scorn ?
Borne on my charger, so joyous and free,
Liberty ! swells not my bosom with thee ?

Spirit of Liberty ! fain would I pay

Homage befitting the lip of the brave ;
Gem of creation !—" Bold freeman, away !

Rend off the rivets that fetter thy slave ;
Gallant and grateful, go build me a shrine,
Westward afar in the isles that are thine."

Spirit of Liberty !—" Boaster, refrain !

Give me the homage that speaks by a deed—
Hands so ensanguined with cruelty's stain,

Lips for the captive declining to plead—
These are my scorn, my abhorrence and shame,
A blast and a blight on fair Liberty's name !"

THE SLAVE SHIP.

DARK is the deck, while midnight gales
Are moaning in the swelling sails ;
But drearier darkness reigns below,
And there are moans of hopeless woe :

There, pent and crushed in noisome cell,
Chained to the dead, the living dwell :
His spouse the frantic husband claims,
The mother screams her children's names.

While fever fires the smarting vein,
One cooling drop they cannot gain ;
Nor dry, with hands in fetters bound,
The blistering tear, the streaming wound.

What crime has earned a doom so dread ?
What vengeance strikes the guilty head ?
No crime, no vengeance ; all is told
In three short words—'tis LUST OF GOLD.

Their living souls Jehovah gave,
And Jesus died those souls to save ;
But weak and helpless they,—and strong
The impious hand that did the wrong.

Will not the righteous God appear ?
Is His arm shortened, closed His ear ?
Wait ! He will make His answer known
In thunder from the judgment throne.

THE TEAR.

“ Oh too convincing—dangerously clear,
In woman’s eye th’ unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save—subdue—at once her spear and shield.”

BYRON.

AND pleads the tear less eloquently weak
Whose dew-drop trembles on a sable cheek ?
Is she not woman ? Can a darker hue
Veiling the pulse, its bounding throb subdue,
And quell the busy tumult gushing there
Of woman’s woe—love—pity—joy—despair ?
Nay, are ye men, whose lordly spirits bow
To each light cloud that shades a sunny brow,
And self-accusing, with remorse descry
The transient tear-drop in a laughing eye,
While to your heedless ear the clanking chain,
The lash, the long-drawn scream appeal in vain ?
Oh, those are drops of anguish meet to roll
Like molten lead upon a slumbering soul,

A burning summons to awake.—Behold
Yon mourner, cast in Nature's softer mould—
Thou tortured one ! whose tears like flowing rain
From thy gored flesh would wash the crimson stain ;
It were a brave man's glory to resign
His boasted prowess to a hand like thine,
So weak, so fragile—'twere a wise man's fame
To plead with nations thy rejected claim ;
And 'twere a Christian's crown to bid thee rest
In the good Shepherd's fold—a lone and weary guest !

Vice-gerent of the Lord—appointed head
Of woman—of earth's lesser tribes the dread—
Exulting man ! say what life's path would be,
Its flowers by woman's art uncultured for thee ?
Oh, by the tender skill that wrought to soothe
Thy baby sorrows, and direct thy youth—
By kindred smiles, and,—every smile above—
The first pure dawning blush of maiden's love—
The glance that meets thee in health's joyous day—
The pitying gaze that charms thy pains away—
The voice that lulls thee with its silver tone—
Each winning blandishment her hand hath thrown
Around thy sterner march—now bend thine ear
To woman's plaint—compassionate her fear,
For thou art strong—her guardian and her chief ;
She frail and feeble as the changing leaf.

The ivy clings not to the oak in vain ;
Wilt thou more rugged thy firm arm refrain
Or wave but to destroy ? A coward's blot
On thy proud fame, if thou defend her not !
The brave are tender ; and our souls revere
The manly heart that melts at woman's tear :
Though doubly scorned, a poor and sable slave,
She's woman—be thou man, to pity, and to save.

THE SLAVE.

O mark that listless hopeless air
So succourless—so uncomplaining !
The drooping hand, the vacant stare,
The look of nerveless mute despair,
Its very sigh restraining.

Yea, look again—an eloquence,
A pictured soul of tortured feeling
Shall smite with pain thy waken'd sense,
A tale of suffering intense,
Of throned grief, revealing.

Aye, woe hath reigned a monarch here,
In all the pomp of sullen sadness,
Absorbing every starting tear,
And darkening each foreboding fear,
To shades of gloomy madness.

Gaze on—nor with averted eye,
The quickening throb of pity smother,
For earth shall blend with yonder sky,
Ere thou, proud man, may'st dare deny,
That victim is thy Brother.

NAVARINO.

GALLANTLY, England, hast thou done—
The blow is struck ! the battle won.
The tyrant is swept from the angry sea,
The crescent sinks low, and Greece is free ;
Nobly, my country, hast thou fought
To rive the fetters, oppression wrought.

Queen of the trident ! pause not now—
Turn to the west thy conquering prow,
Go to thine own rebellious race
Who cloud with sorrow thy radiant face,
If their pride a parent's love withstand,
Curb their scorn with a monarch's hand.

Tell them, 'tis not in victorious fight,
'Tis not in wealth, 'tis not in might,
'Tis not in ruling earth or sea
Thou gloriest—'tis that thou art free.
Free, in a chartered birthright given,
And free to walk in the light from heaven.

Tell them, this glory—pure—sublime—
Is veiled by a sullen cloud of crime,
In hope undoubting thou can'st not pray,
Till the crimson stain be laved away.
The hand that offends against the Lord,
Is doomed by the fiat of his firm word.

While thou pluckest the mote from thy brother's eye
Shall the beam in thine own unheeded be.
No ! speed this message across the waves—
Thy sons, nor tyrants shall be, nor slaves.
Plunge the fetters beneath the main,
Or break thy sceptre-sword in twain.

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

Tria juncta in uno—ev'n thus do they meet,
Past, present, and future in unity sweet,
Yet sombre and dark is the hue that they wear,
For the past has been clouded with anguish and care ;
The present is shaded with griefs of its own,
And over the future hang sorrows unknown ;
For sorrow and man must be twins from the breast,
Nor part, till he reaches the home of his rest.

But, lo ! in the splendour of thrice-refined gold,
Tria juncta in uno, again I behold—
And pure is the lustre their union hath cast
O'er the shades of the future, the present, the past.
'Tis the brightness of Faith ; 'tis the beaming of Love ;
'Tis the radiance that Hope hath won down from above,
And rich in the contrast of darkness and light,
Stands out the sweet emblem to gladden my sight.

And thus it hath been, thus it is, and shall be,
Dear desolate, highly-blessed Erin with thee ;
The shadow of night upon ages gone by,
The dark, rolling clouds that now blacken thy sky,
Thy fears and forebodings of evil to come.
All, all, have a brightness to chequer the gloom.
Faith teaches the labours of Love to abound,
And Hope breathes her prayerful enchantment around.

Then welcome thou lovely memento and come,
To make my glad bosom thy permanent home ;
Tria juncta in uno may sweetly declare,
That love, truth, and constancy planted thee there ;
On shades of far distance, unkindness, neglect,
They ceased not their own gentle light to reflect ;
And gratitude, confidence, gladness shall be,
Tria juncta in uno henceforward with me.

LINES.

KNOWST thou region of the tear and smile,
Old ocean's beauteous gem, the Emerald Isle ?
Where buoyant hearts are throbbing free and high,
And welcome sparkles in the beaming eye ?
Say, lady, hath thy light step ever trod
The verdant mazes of her velvet sod,
Hast thou e'er heard her soft wild harp, and felt
Its mellow tones within thy bosom melt,
And lingered long among her race, to prove
How sweet in Erin's soil, bloom the rich flowers of love ?
Oh, by the pressure of each gentle hand
That spoke the meeting on her friendly strand,
By all her cheering smiles that sunned thy brow,
List to the sorrows of her children now.
Neglected, sad, and desolate they roam
Far from their loved retreat, their island home,
And goaded by stern penury, explore
The wide resources of a wealthier shore ;

Perchance to shrink from Pride's averted eye,
To pine unseen and all unsuccoured die.
Perchance to rush on reckless crime, and draw
On their scorned heads the thunders of the law,
Or sunk in squalid want and vice to dwell
On the dark confines of undreaded Hell ;
No pitying hand to draw the veil aside,
And show the fount of life where Jesus died ;
No lip with kindred accent to proclaim
The healing balsam of a Saviour's name.
Oh, lady, hast thou treasure lodged in Heaven ?
Is thy bond cancelled—are thy sins forgiven ?
And have thy feet unfettered learned to move
By the sweet guidance of eternal love ?
Lo, here, a shining path of duty lies,
Here stretch thy helping hand, here bend thine eyes—
'Tis ours to utter forth the glad decree,
To ope the prison-doors—the captive free,
To give the balm-drops for the wounded mind,
To mourners comfort, eyesight to the blind,
From hedges and highways 'tis ours to bring
The poor, the halt, the maimed, to banquet with our
King.

Thou mayest not dare the sacred task to shun
While thy lips breathe,—“ my Father's will be done ;”
He wills that earth through her expansive round
Should echo back the gospel's peaceful sound ;

And the rich changes of His grace be sung
In every accent framed by mortal tongue,
He wills—his wandering flock to seek and save,
He wills to wrest new conquests from the grave.
He willed that those so freely shouldst receive,
And with unsparing hand He wills thee now to give.

ERIN MAVOURNEEN.

ERIN mavourneen ! Oh, when wilt thou rise
From the torpor of death that has bound thee !
The veil of delusion is cast o'er thine eyes,
Thy children are weeping around thee.
Harp of sweet Inisfail, mute are thy chords,
Silent thy deep flowing numbers ;
Strangers unholy have long been thy lords,
And weeds have crept over thy slumbers.

Erin mavourneen ! The day-star shall shine
To soften thy night into morning,
Again shalt thou sparkle in radiance divine,
The lands with thy beauty adorning.
Harp of sweet Inisfail, thou shalt awake
By the stream of a life-giving fountain ;
Again shall thy rich peal of melody break
To gladden each valley and mountain.

Erin mavourneen ! the bosoms that mourn
Again shall with rapture behold thee ;
The Lord who averted His face shall return,
And the blaze of His presence enfold thee.
Glory of Inisfail ! spirit of song !
To thee shall the triumph be given,
To roll the full tone of thy harpings along,
And swell the devotions of heaven.

June, 1830.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

LAND of my choice ! the adverse breeze,
That vainly kind, would yet repel
My course along these yielding seas,
Wafts thee a sad, a fond farewell :
And fast the bitter tear will rise,
And silently the heart will bleed,
While slowly from my wistful eyes
Thy soft and laughing shores recede.

Land of the hospitable isle !
Condemned in other climes to rove,
Where shall I meet the glowing smile,
The eye of light, the heart of love ?
E'en now, while slowly drifting by,
E'en now, methinks, the frequent bay,
With wonted welcome courts mine eye,
And lures me back, and bids me stay.

Land of a destiny sublime !

A darkening cloud impends around,
And echo deep the vows of crime,
And crimson footsteps print the ground ;
Infuriate hosts in mad career,
Approach thee like a rolling flood,
And in thy conscious skies appear,
The signs of blasphemy and blood.

Land of the brave ! oh, who shall raise,

Amid thy wilds the warning word !
Who, in the zeal of other days,
Exalt the banner of the Lord ?
Behold ! they come : their beauteous feet
Shine on the mount and press the plain,
While pours their lip, in pleading sweet,
The oil-drop on thy stormy main.

Land of the blest ! the battle-cry

May echo through thy thousand hills,
The gathered tempest burst on high,
And men of blood work half their wills ;
But thou shalt view a blaze of day
Enthroned beyond that transient night,
To chase the scattered gloom away,
And fold them in a vest of light.

Land of the Gospel ! fear thou not :
 Already break the dawning gleams ;
Thine every waste and barren spot
 Shall blossom in prolific beams.
Broad as the ocean bulwark pours,
 Whose billows toss their snowy curls,
With fleecy barrier gird thy shores,
 And wreathe an emerald gem with pearls.

Land of my fond regrets ! to share
 Thy conflicts may not now be mine ;
But thou shalt rise upon my prayer
 Before the throne of grace divine ;
With all the throbbing tides that flow
 Within my veins, thy fate shall blend ;
The harsh command that bids me go,
 Lengthens the tie, but cannot rend.

Isle of the West ! thou stretchest now
 In distance on the level sea ;
The sun hath diademed thy brow,
 Resplendent in obscurity :
And now upon that fading line
 Darkly the evening waters swell :—
Dark as this heaving heart of mine,
 That lingers o'er the long Farewell.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

WITH AN IRISH SHAMROCK.

FROM the region of zephyrs, the Emerald isle,
The land of thy birth, in my freshness I come,
To waken this long-cherished morn with a smile,
And breathe o'er thy spirit the whispers of home.
O welcome the stranger from Erin's green sod ;
I sprang where the bones of thy fathers repose,
I grew where thy free step in infancy trod,
Ere the world threw around thee its wiles and its woes.
But sprightlier themes
Enliven the dreams,
My dew-dropping leaflets unfold to impart ;
To loftiest emotion
Of patriot devotion,
I wake the full chord of an Irishman's heart.

The rose is expanding her petals of pride,
And points to the laurels o'erarching her tree ;
And the hardy Bur-thistle stands rooted beside,
And sternly demands ;—Who dare meddle wi' me ?

And bright are the garlands they jointly display,
In death-fields of victory gallantly got ;
But let the fair sisters their trophies array,
And show us the wreath where the shamrock is not !
By sea and by land,
With bullet and brand,
My sons have directed the stormbolt of war ;
The banners ye boast,
Ne'er waved o'er our host.
Unfanned by the accents of Erin-go-bragh ;

Erin mavourneen ! dark is thy night ;
Deep thy forebodings and gloomy thy fears ;
And O, there are bosoms with savage delight
Who laugh at thy plainings and scoff at thy tears !
But, Erin mavourneen, bright are the names
Who twine with the heart-vein thy fate in their breast ;
And scorned be the lot of the dastard, who shames
To plant, as a trophy, this leaf on his crest ?
Thrice trebled disgrace
His honours deface,
Who shrinks from proclaiming the isle of his birth,
Though lowly its stem,
This emerald gem
Mates with the proudest that shadow the earth !

Sandhurst, March 17, 1827.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet ;
And here she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vow'd the maiden on her throne, boys
Would be a maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the ferry gate :

She summon'd to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted,—NO SURRENDER !
And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will,
That the maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a maiden still.

Next crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The Royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame ;)
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dream'd to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begg'd to stand excused,
In short the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood and flame and smoke.

That hallowed graveyard yonder,
 Swells with the slaughtered dead,
Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,
 It was for *us* they bled ;
And while the gift we own, boys—
 The fane that tops our hill,
Oh, the maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
 Nor tyrant arm affright.
We'll look to One above us,
 Who ne'er forsook the right ;
Who will, may crouch and tender
 The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, NO SURRENDER,
 No compromise for me !
We want no barrier stone, boys,
 No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Shall be a Maiden still.

THE ORANGEMAN'S SUBMISSION.

[The following stanzas were written, and published, anonymously, at the time when, by an act of the most exalted loyalty, the Orangemen of Ireland prostrated, at the royal command, the strongest prop of the British throne in their country. Having been adopted by that maligned and maltreated body, it is now reprinted (1838) and gratefully avowed.—*Author's Note.*]

WE'VE furled the banner that wav'd so long
Its sunny folds around us ;
We've still'd the voice of our ancient song,
And burst the tie that bound us.
No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
Cannot be loos'd or broken ;
And thought will flash from eye to eye,
Though ne'er a word be spoken.

Go raze old Derry's tell-tale wall—

Bid Enniskillen perish :

Choke up the Boyne—abolish all

That we too fondly cherish ;

'Twill be but as the pruning knife

Us'd by a skilful master,

To concentrate the sap of life,

And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—oh ! deep you plann'd

The hateful wile to prove us !

But firm in loyal truth we stand—

The Queen shall know and love us.

When William came to free the isle

From galling chains that bound her,

Our fathers built, beneath his smile,

This living rampart round her.

Ye've ta'en the outer crust away,

But, secret strength supplying,

A spirit shrined within the clay,

Lives quenchless and undying—

A sparkle from the hallow'd flame

Of our insulted altars,

Pure as the source whence first it came,

Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
By mocking foes derided ;
Our duteous love to the Royal hand,
By trait'rous craft misguided.
Banner, and badge, and name alone,
At our monarch's call we tender ;
The loyal truth that guards the throne
We'll keep, and—No Surrender !

LINES

ON THE 151st ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF
THE GATES OF DERRY.*

AIR,—“A ROSE TREE IN FULL BEARING.”

No gen'rous toil declining,
The fair ones of Derry came,
Arousing and refining
In bold hearts the patriot flame.
The soldier sternly pacing
Yon rampart, well their magic knew,
His eye and thought embracing
Their homes, shrining souls so true.

But deeper darkness gathers,
And wild raves the storm of death ;
Oh, then our gallant fathers,
Could tell more of woman's faith.

* On this occasion the ladies of Derry repaired the tattered banners and replaced them in the cathedral.

Their grasp the banners rending,
That martial prize had won in vain ;
But gentler hands defending,
Secured them within the fane.

Still reign such influence o'er us,
Confirming the good begun,
Till like our sires before us,
We hallow each trophy won.
While pious, pure, and tender
Our lovely dames around us smile,
We'll make our "No surrender,"
Their safeguard through Erin's isle.

THE GRAVE-YARD OF DERRY.

“ Would the bones of the Protestants of Derry lie worse because those of old Mrs. Cathcart lay among them ? ”

(Vide O’Connell’s Speech on Sir R. Bateson’s motion.)

No, scoffer ! the bones of the true and the brave
Would welcome her dust to the Protestant grave,
And, peacefully mouldering where nobly they died,
Would bid a poor sister repose by their side.
Oh, had we but guarded their sacred bequest
With half the devotion that glowed in their breast,
How oft would yon heaven ope its portals of gold
To lost ones, now wandering afar from the fold !

What marshall’d those heroes in dauntless array,
To bide the fierce onset and brave the wild fray—
Unflinching to gaze on the home-wreck—the strife
Of famine, sword, pestilence, warring with life
Where life was the light of their bosoms—the breath
Of beauty, age, tenderness, gasping in death—

The mother, the sister, the infant, the bride :—
What nerved them, when these in mute agonies died,
To guard the poor shells of their dwellings, that stood
Like storm-riven rocks in an ocean of blood ?
Oh say, thou false tongue, was it rancour that fed
That beacon of hope when all joyance was fled ?
Oh say, was it hatred that humbled them there
At the footstool of God in that temple of prayer ?
And when life's ebbing pulses no longer could play,
When, famished, they sank on this pillowing clay,
Did curses of wrath wing the fast-failing breath,
And enmity darken the visage of death ?
No ! caught from the day-spring that sparkles above,
Was the zeal of our fathers—their spirit was love !
Not even thy scornings can brighten their fame,
Not e'en thy revilings add praise to their name ;
Nor insult, nor outrage can deeper endear
This spot—for the dust of our martyrs is here.
The temple they cherish'd still hallows the ground—
In death, as in life, they are girding it round ;
And we, as we pace the loved precincts, can feel
The boundings of hope and the kindlings of zeal ;
And faith will exultingly take up the strain,
Defenders of Derry ! ye died not in vain !
On the lowly abodes of yon vallies and hills
Even now the soft dew of the gospel distils ;
There, slowly but surely, dawns out the fair day,
The fetters of darkness are melting away ;

The Lord will arise in his glory—the sound
Of peace and salvation shall echo around ;
And, like the vain pageant that dimly moved on,
Polluted this scene for an hour, and is gone :
The plague-spot of Erin shall vex her no more :
The days of thy mourning, sweet isle ! shall be o'er.
Thy children of God shall be taught, and each string
Of thy wild harp shall thrill to the praise of thy King.
And they who would erringly kindle the breath
Of wrath, by invading this region of death,
Oh ! they will press onward in brotherly strife
With us to inherit the regions of life ;
And then, while they ponder in awe-stricken thought,
On mercies renewed and deliverance wrought,
With lip and with heart they'll re-echo our strain,
' Defenders of Derry ! ye died not in vain.'

April 5, 1838.

TO ONE ABOUT TO VISIT IRELAND.

FAREWELL, farewell! Yon gem-like isle
Prepares for thee her glowing smile
 Of welcome sweet—
Gaily she spreads her yielding sod
So dearly loved—so long untrod
 To kiss thy feet.

Thy glance of greeting, proud and fond,
That sparkling glance, she will respond
 In sunbeams clear ;
And from the fleecy hoards that rise,
Distilling dew-drops through her skies
 Give back thy tear.

Who shall divorce the tear and smile,
Wedded of yore in Erin's isle,
 Their own sweet dwelling ;
When underneath the rainbow roof,
Fenced by bold ocean's wall of proof,
 Fond hearts are swelling !

Oh, beauteous land of love and grief !
More dear to me thy shamrock leaf,
 Than all the flowers
That proudly wave and sweetly breathe
Where Albion's roses bright enwreath
 My native bowers.

I know not what mysterious chain
To my fond heart's most secret vein
 Thus bids thee grow—
While chords attuned to thee alone
Re-echo to thy every tone,
 Of joy or woe.

I love thy waters—yet they rent
The one bright flower in pity sent
 For me to bloom ;
I love thy sod—the sod which gave
To him, the noble—beauteous—brave—
 A timeless tomb.

Thou ruthless sepulchre of all
That weeping memory can recall
 Of buried gladness,
It is the Lord's constraining power
Which quells my spirit in the hour
 Of darkest sadness.

'Tis He—and thankfully I bend,
Loved Erin, in thy cause to spend
 My willing days ;
Thy God can bitter turn to sweet,
And from the eater furnish meat
 To his own praise.

Erin mavourneen ! dearer yet
As deepens thought,—when I forget
 For thee to plead—
To work,—in England's page of shame,
Methinks my treacherous sin would claim
 The darkest meed.

[Unfinished.]

LINES.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

THOU art bound for the land where thy fathers are
sleeping

Beneath the soft verdure that mantles it o'er,
And wild sigh the zephyrs, and dew-drops are weeping,
Lest dyed be that verdure with torrents of gore.

The welcome that waits thee perchance may be clouded.
With gloom of dark boding and sorrow and wrath,
The brightness of beauty in sorrow enshrouded,
While war-weapons flash on thy home tending path.

Alas for poor Erin ! the ruffians who wound her
Can point to a traitor, more heartless than they,
False England, who levelled the bulwarks around her,
And loosened the blood-hounds and yielded the prey.

Yet, oh ! to that purpose and deed unconsenting,
A brotherly hand may spring forth at the call,
Whose hearts the pure spirit of love is cementing
To rescue the victim or with her to fall.

Aye ! go to that land which the billows have broken,
Where seas of wild tumult and anarchy swell,
And tell her how deep were the tones that have spoken
The heavenward appeal of thy brethren's farewell.

Aye, tell her no war-cry of vengeance was pealing,
Far, far be the flash of the death-dealing sword ;
No weapon we bring but the balm-drops of healing,
Our shield is salvation—our banner the LORD.

Yes, say that true bosoms in England are beating,
With stern indignation and melting in love ;
Her woes they bewail, and her wrongs are repeating
To brethren below—to their Father above.

Again, as in days of her early oppression,
Our militant church to the combat is brought ;
United and pure be our saintly confession,
As their's in the morn of her battles who fought.

Yes ; Erin shall know she hath not been forsaken,
We'll suffer for her, and with her we'll rejoice,
And the long sleeping arm of Jehovah shall waken,
And Hell with its legions flee back at His voice.

Go, bear to the home of thy fathers our token,
The tear of affection, the hope-beaming smile ;
The link, not in life nor in death shall be broken,
That binds us to thee and thine Emerald Isle.

[The exact period when these lines were written, and the circumstances alluded to, are not known to the Editor of this volume. The copy from which they are taken is in pencil ; the water-mark of the paper, 1824.]

LINES

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON THE DAY OF HER
CONFIRMATION.

REMEMBER the day, though departed its beam,
Remember the hour, though it flitted away,
Oh let them not fade, like the trace of a dream
'Mid the shadows and lights of life's turbulent day ;
'Twas the morn of thy bridal, the hour of thy vows,
Thou hast plighted thy troth to an heavenly spouse.

Remember wherever thy fancy shall rove,
Where folly is twining her glittering snare,
Remember that He, the first Lord of thy love,
Can never be found with the revellers there ;
And seek in the shades of some modest retreat,
For the track of *His* flock, and the print of *His* feet.

Remember when sorrow and anguish invade,
A covert is nigh, where thy spirit may rest,
For ne'er upon thee shall a burden be laid,
But the weight of its pressure, He'll bear on His breast ;
Look up in the hour of thine anguish and flee
To Him, who so tenderly careth for thee.

And oh ! when the pulse of thy bosom shall fail,
Remember to whom thou hast plighted thy vows ;
No ill can arrest thee, no foe can assail,
If sheltered beneath the torn side of thy spouse ;
The foil'd King of terrors must yield to the strife,
And the hour of thy *death*, be the dawn of thy *life*.

PROMISES UNDER THE GOSPEL.

“ IF thou wilt follow me ; the Saviour cried,
Forsake thy parents and thy native home,
Amongst the poor thy treasured wealth divide ;
A friendless, houseless wanderer to roam ;
Turn not again those tempting scenes to see,
Take up the bitter cross, then come and follow me.

“ My yoke is easy, and my burden light,
If ye receive them with a willing mind ;
But nought of earthly profit or delight
Beneath my kingdom may ye hope to find ;
Enough if thro’ the wilds of woe and pain,
The power of my arm your feebleness sustain.

“ The world shall hate you, and ye shall endure,
Her persecuting fires and scourging rod ;
While gloomy prisons your wan frames immure,
Tortur’d and slain in erring zeal for God ;
On your defenceless heads each terror hurl’d,
But falter not, for I have triumph’d o’er the world.

“ Rising from death ye shall for ever live,
And know me even as yourselves are known ;
To him that overcometh, I will give
A glorious seat on my eternal throne ;
My hand shall wipe his transient tears away,
And lead him to the fount where living waters play.

“ Nor pain, nor thirst, nor hunger shall he know,
Nor sin, nor death his endless rapture blight ;
On him the splendour of my face shall glow,
An everlasting noon of sacred light ;
His golden harp and ardent voice shall raise,
In hallelujah’s loud eternal songs of praise.

“ When in my Father’s book I write his name,
The lands that loath’d him shall his sway confess,
In snowy folds around his shining frame,
Shall float the garment of my righteousness ;
He who on earth his cross unshrinking bore,
With me, a priest and king shall reign for evermore.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE TITLE PAGE OF A BIBLE.

DEAR sacred book ! upon my infant breast,
A parent's care thy glorious truths impress'd ;
With reason's earliest ray my mind received
The light revealed—I wondered and believed ;
Oh, let me treasure thee, immortal word,
O'er all the pleasures life and sense afford ;
Own thee my friend, my counsellor and guide,
The fount that still my thirsty soul supplied,
Solace of woe, and chastener of my mirth,
Staff of my dubious pilgrimage on earth ;
Anchor of hope, immoveable and sure,
Promise of life for ever to endure ;
Cordial to soothe my last departing breath,
Shield to repel the blunted shaft of death,
Voice to awake me in the silent tomb,
Plea to defend me from the sinner's doom ;
Guide of the steps my mortal steps have trod,
In heaven my passport to the throne of God.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

HARP ! let thy tones triumphant rise
My soft lute greet the shrouded skies,
 Long ere the morning beam ;
My tongue the joyful tidings tell,
My ransom'd soul to rapture swell,
 Warm'd by the glorious theme.

Lo ! in the East, where Judah's star
Darts its resplendent blaze afar,
 Through earth's unhallow'd gloom :
The ghastly forms of hell and night
Shrink from the burst of living light,
 And hie them to their doom.

Hark ! where the chorus of the sky
Yields to God's awful majesty,
 Glory and praise again ;
Cherubim and Seraphim prolong,
In Mercy's softest note the song,
 " Peace to the sons of men."

“Peace and good will !” thy servants, Lord,
Own Thy unalterable word,
And Thy salvation see :
Glory of Israel’s race HE stands,
And beams upon the Gentile lands,
The light which leads to Thee.

He who the builders dar’d disown,
Our God hath made the Corner-stone
Of an eternal fane ;
To faithless foes a stumbling-block,
For us an everlasting rock,
To shelter and sustain.

When sorrows press, and fears assail
This panting heart and flesh may fail,
O’ercome by mortal dread ;
Thou, whom my trembling lips adore,
My strength and portion evermore,
Oh, raise my drooping head !

No more my soul shall sigh to rove,
And on the pinions of a dove,
Explore a distant home.
But emulate the chirping guest,
Who loves to build her simple nest
Beneath thy hallowed dome.

Emmanuel ! let my prayer be heard,
O let me live on every word,

Which from thy mouth proceeds :
Inform me how my steps should go,
And bid the living waters flow,
To cleanse my foul misdeeds.

Feed me with hidden manna still,
And let me kneel beside the rill

To quaff the unbought stream.
My only light, thy glorious face—
My only hope, thy saving grace,
And Thou my only theme.

MY MEMORY.

WHEN the hand that is tracing these lines on the leaf
Shall rest in the grave, and its toiling be o'er :
And this heart, unaffected by gladness or grief,
Respond to the spirit that warmed it no more ;

If love would some lasting memorial bestow,
Oh ! give me no marble to vaunt o'er the clay,
That, spoil'd of its mouldings and reft of its glow,
In darksome oblivion is melting away.

Nay ! gentle companions, record me a name,
Not sculptur'd in cold and immoveable stone,
But graved in the heart, that your lips may proclaim
The dearest memento of her you have known.

And only in this let my memory live,
All else with the throb of this bosom to cease—
A helper of Erin ! who panted to give
Sweet Erin's poor children the " story of peace."

And oft as your fond recollections review

Days long into darkness and distance removed,

Oh ! think that my spirit still bids you pursue,

With zeal ever-burning, the work that I loved.

And, Erin mavourneen ! when thou shalt have given

Thy harp to Hosannas forgotten too long,

My soul shall bend down from a blood-purchased heaven

To view thy rejoicings and echo thy song.

1838.

DETACHED STANZAS.

SCORNE'D be the boast of pomp and pride,
From pleasure's lure I flee ;
The world, that mocked when Jesus died,
Can have no charm for me.

Not all the depths of ocean brine,
Nor floods that fiercely roll,
Can wash these guilty stains of mine
From my polluted soul.

But sprinkle, Lord, with thy right hand
The Spirit's holy dew,
Unblameable and pure I stand,
Before thy piercing view.

I ask no glittering hoard of golden store
Nor rank, nor honours, to my name be given ;
My proudest title Jesus to adore, .
My wealth salvation, and my palace heaven.

HALLELUJAH ! e'en below
Gleams of seraph rapture glow !
While abiding in thy love,
Faith beholds a crown above.

IN secret nourished by the immortal root,
The branches bud and teem with clustering fruit ;
Bathed in reviving dews of grace they shine,
Rich as the golden corn, luxuriant as the vine.

Arouse, thou' slumbering soul ; thy fetters cast away,
Nor longer find a resting-place in this polluted clay.
Lo, I who bid thee wake, enable thee to rise ;
The hand that smites hath builded thee a mansion in
the skies.

From earth and this desolate wilderness driven,
Pass, pilgrim, along ; soon thy labour shall cease.
How fair is the blossom that ripens in heaven,
How pleasant the pathway that issues in peace.

LORD, I take thy free salvation,
Take thou a full heart's oblation
O grace, surpassing speech or thought !
Accepting what thy blood hast bought.

O Saviour, gentle, merciful, and kind,
Image in me thy own celestial mind ;
Strengthen my willing hands, and bid me go,
To scatter blessings in the path of woe.

Christ hath dashed the tyrant down,
The fetter burst in twain,
Shall my hand restore the crown,
And link the riven chain ?

In darkest hours, O may thy glory shine,
And cheer us onward with a fire divine ;
In joyous moments let thy cloud appear
With solemn shade to whisper holy fear.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

THE MARINER'S MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O THOU, who didst prepare
The ocean's cavern'd cell,
And lead the gath'ring waters there
 To meet and dwell :
Toss'd in our reeling bark,
 On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
 And sing to thee.

How terrible art thou,
In all thy wonders shown,
Tho' veil'd is that eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown.
Invisible to sight,
But, oh ! to faith how near ;
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
Thou beamest here.

Borne on the dark'ning wave
In measur'd sweep we go,
Nor dread th' unfathomable grave
That yawns below ;
For He is nigh who trod
Amid that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd th' incarnate God,
And died away.

Let slumber's balmy seal
Imprint our tranquil eyes,
Though deep beneath the waters steal,
And circling rise.
Though swells the confluent tide
And beetles far above,—
We know in whom our souls confide
With fearless love.

Snatch'd from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt keep
And waft them home ;
Home, where no tempests sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
The peaceful shore.

HYMN II.

FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

YE alpine hills ! your seats forsake,
And crumble on the plain ;
Ye lowering cities fall and make
Your bed beneath the main !

The mountain of Jehovah stands
In majesty secure,
And builded by no mortal hands
His temple shall endure.

Toss your proud heads, ye foaming waves,
Pollute the springs of earth,
And be your billows yawning graves,
To all of mortal birth.

A river by our Zion flows
Where life and light abide,
Smiles at your rage and softly goes,
With gladness on its tide.

Earth's empires into frenzy stirred
March on in firm array.
But, hark ! Jehovah's voice is heard,
And, lo ! they melt away.

We ask no weapon flashing bright ;
No fencing walls and towers,
For our Jehovah deigns to fight,
And perfect peace is ours.

HYMN III.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Oh, for a prayer like his of old,
That ope'd his servant's doubting eye,
To bid our raptur'd gaze behold
The flaming chariots of the sky !

Or for a dream like his who slept
At Bethel's gate, the house of God,
While angel feet descending stept,
And round his lonely pillow trod.

Or that deep hour of kindling night,
When moonbeam fail'd, and stars grew dim,
As thronged seraph forms of light
To peal the Saviour's natal hymn.

In cherub hands the flaming sword
Round life's fair tree no longer moves,
Those hosts who sang th' Incarnate Lord,
Now serve the meanest soul He loves.

Where'er salvation's boon is giv'n
For such their zealous bosoms burn,
And sinless beings joy in heav'n
When worms like us to Jesus turn.

To that unnumber'd glorious throng,
Through life's short pilgrimage we come ;
They hover round our path, and long
To bid our spirits welcome home.

HYMN IV.

THE BELIEVER'S PRIVILEGES.

WORLDLING ! what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know ?
Is thy path of fading flow'rs
Half so bright, so sweet as ours ?

Doth a king upon his throne
Make thine ev'ry grief his own ?
Doth he hourly bend his ear,
All thy secret plaints to hear ?

Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on ev'ry wound ?

When the tempest's roar on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh ?
Can, oh ! can thy dying breath,
Summon one more strong than death ?

Worldling ! when the powers of hell
Round thy parting spirit yell,
While thy kindred weeping by
Helpless, hopeless see thee die ;

Canst thou wend thy fearless way
Holding all the fiends at bay,
Plead a mighty ransom giv'n
Burst from flesh and soar to Heav'n ?

Worldling ! when wilt thou be wise ?
What, though faithless fools despise.
We have treasures—honours—bliss—
God is ours, and all things His.

HYMN V.

How blest the little pilgrim band,
Who guided by a Father's hand
Their blameless path pursue !
And meekly to the tempest bend,
And on the thorny paths ascend
Their own bright home in view.

The giddy world in downward sweep
Surveys them when they mount the steep
And mocks their patient pain,
No coming night her thought employs,
She vaunts her own unhallowed joys,
And deems their chastening vain.

But, oh ! when fades life's little day
And clothed in all its dark array,
Death's midnight reign shall come,
What groans shall rend that dark abode !
' Would I had trod the pilgrim's road,
And shared the pilgrim's home ! '

HYMN VI.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Rose of Sharon, far excelling
Ev'ry flow'r of mortal birth ;
From the glories of thy dwelling
Look upon us plants of earth.
Here thou once didst suffer anguish,
Drought, and floods, and darken'd sky,
Here beneath the tempest languish
When the storm of wrath was high.

Rose of Sharon ! then debased,
None can now with thee compare ;
In seraphic anthems praised,
Fairest plant of all the fair.
Ever fragrant and unfading,
Thou dost in perfection grow,
Though destruction all-pervading
Devastate the world below.

Rose of Sharon ! may we never,
Blush the deep-red tint of shame,
If the world in scorn should sever
From the plants that bear thy name ;
Us, thy feeble saplings, nourish
By thy wisdom, pow'r, and love ;
May we blossom here, and flourish
In thy paradise above.

HYMN VII.

YE souls in patience seeking,
Him, never sought in vain,
See every sign bespeaking,
The days of latter rain.
Awaken all your powers,
And plead the word divine,
The Lord will give sweet showers,
And cause the clouds to shine.

On the mown grass descending,
Now liquid diamonds glow,
And o'er the earth extending
Behold the cov'nant bow.
The vallies sing with gladness
Joy decks the mountain's height,
And every shade of sadness
Is melting into light.

Oh, thou, so long expected,
Shall Israel plead in vain ?
Oh, thou by man rejected
When wilt thou come and reign ?
God of our adoration,
Establish now thy throne,
And gather every nation,
And seal them all thine own !

HYMN VIII.

FOR THE IRISH CHURCH IN ST. GILES'.

KING of Zion, meek and lowly,
Lo we come to seek thy face,
Banish every thought unholy,
Shine upon thy dwelling-place.

Friend of sinners ! Lord of Glory
Look on this assembled train ;
See, what captives kneel before thee,
Thou alone canst loose the chain.

Souls that perish, pine and wither,—
Deafened ear and blinded eye ;
Saviour we have brought them hither,
Let thy healing power be nigh.

We thy glorious might confessing,
Make our brethren's grievance known ,
Jesus—Master—give a blessing, •
Take away the heart of stone.

Thou who never foundest pleasure
In the death of dying men,
Claim these souls thy purchased treasure,
Snatch them from the robber's den.

Jesus, Lord—we cry before thee,
Give the boon thy servants crave,
By thy mercy we implore thee,
Our poor dying brethren save !

On, to see them, outcasts, bringing
Incense to thine altar's flame,
In their own loved accents singing
Hallelujahs to thy name.

Lord ; poor Erin comes before thee,
Teach her now that song to raise,
Thine the kingdom, power, and glory,
Thine the mercy, thine the praise.

HYMN IX.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST AND FIRE.

SAVIOUR, Lord, we look to thee,
From defilement set us free ;
Let thy Spirit's unction fall
With transforming power on all :

As the great refiner's fire
Cleansing from impure desire ;
Kindling in us flames of love,
Warm, as seraph's zeal above.

Hallowed as the mystic blaze
Horeb show'd to Moses' gaze ;
Bright as was the glorious cloud
When the Lord the heavens bow'd.

Ardent as the cloven flame
Which upon th' apostles came ;
Steady as the morning ray
Shining to the perfect day.

May our souls this baptism prove,
While through earth to heav'n we move ;
Then in glory we shall be,
Fill'd with love eternally.

HYMN X.

PARTING.

WHILE, to sev'ral paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scattered flock in view !
May the bond of bless'd communion
Ev'ry distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move,
One pure flame each heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love ;
Sweet, when each can bend imploring
Soothing for each brother's pain,
And the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

Here, a passing breath may sever,
Friends in dearest union tied ;
But created pow'r can never,
Tear us from our Shepherd's side
Life, and death, and hell combining,
Present things, and things to come,
Cannot quench the promise shining,
Cannot bar us from our home.

Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain ;
But shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again,
Thus, while fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice,
He that sows, and he that reapeth,
Will together soon rejoice.

HYMN XI.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

Now be hush'd the plaint of woe—
Ev'ry heart with triumph glow—
Ev'ry tongue the chorus swell,
Praise to Him who conquer'd hell !

Jesus conquer'd ! Jesus reigns !
He hath rent our brother's chains ;
He hath sealed him for his own,
Now hath plac'd him near the throne.

All our brother's strife is o'er,
Pain nor grief assail him more ;
Gloom is now absorb'd in light,
Hope in rapture, faith in sight.

Wake the joyful note again,—
Seraphs will prolong the strain,—
'Tis the song that angels sing,
Glory to the Saviour King.

HYMN XII.

WOULD'ST thou a Saviour's value know ?
Oh, sinner, to the death-bed go—
Bid the believer's spirit say
What price may bribe his hope away.

Ask, when the straining eye is dim,
And chilling damps bedew the limb,
And every dream of earth's delight
Dissolving, mocks the mortal sight ;

While slow recedes the vital heat
And pulses labour yet to beat,
Then ask—' What empires now may buy
' Thy portion in eternity ? '

Oh, thou in healthful vigour strong,
That hour shall be thine own ere long.
Thou to life's brink shalt trembling go
And scan the flaming gulf below.

What sound may bid thee then rejoice ?
What but the Saviour's welcome voice ?—
' I stay thee from the pit, and give
A ransom that thy soul may live.'

HYMN XIII.

THE VICINITY OF DEATH.

A hand unseen is o'er us now,
Whose lightest touch can quench our breath ;
But who can tell the destined brow
That next will feel the stroke of death ?

That awful hand hath rested not,
While years by thousands roll'd away :
It hovers nigh—it points the spot
Where we must blend with kindred clay.

" Thou fool !"—its silent motion cries—
" This night thy forfeit soul I claim ;
" Then whose thy toys, thy darling prize,
" Of riches, pleasure, learning, fame ?"

The knell hath tolled, the grave hath yawn'd
For many a bright and blooming one,
Radiant in life when morning dawn'd,
And cold in death ere day was done.

To die !—it is the general doom ;
Then judgment comes, in stern array :
O trifler ! deem not in thy tomb
To sleep unconscious hours away.

Can'st thou in flames eternal dwell !
Or, seek'st thou a celestial throne ?
The joys of heav'n, or pains of hell,
Tomorrow may become thine own.

HYMN XIV.

DUST RETURNING TO DUST.

WHY should we murmur, sons of earth
That sorrow clouds our mortal birth,—
That racking pains, and dark'ning woes,
Pursue us to our journey's close ?

By sin defil'd, our grovelling frame
Cleaves to the dust from whence it came ;
And lodged within the grave's domain,
We soon shall blend with dust again.

The ground that mocks our weary tread,
And scarce repays our toil with bread,
Is, through our sin, accursed to be
A type of our depravity.

Earth yields us scanty gifts ;—she gave
A cradle, and prepares a grave ;
Her glory in its proudest form,
Ends in corruption and the worm.

Leave dust to dust ;—let earth survey
The hour when earth must pass away ;
And, wrapped in fields of blazing fire,
Her glory with her shame expire.

A new creation then shall rise,—
New heavens and earth shall meet our eyes,
And, raised from dust, and freed from stain,
We shall our Paradise regain.

HYMN XV.

By that dread day o'ertaken,
When vengeful wrath shall flame,
Some wretched souls must waken
To everlasting shame :
Now, seal'd in slothful slumber,
Untold their moments go,
Ah ! never shall they number,
The days of waking woe !

The same deep summons sounding,
Another band shall raise,
And they his throne surrounding,
Chant their Redeemer's praise.
Their all for him forsaking,
They conquer in the strife,
And then, to joy awaking,
Receive eternal life.

Lord of the Resurrection !
Do thou our portion be ;
And hallow each affection
To centre all in thee.
The blessing thou hast shewn us,
To every soul convey ;
Oh ! seal us now, and own us,
In that last awful day.

HYMN XVI.

TRIALS ON EARTH, AND GLORY IN HEAVEN.

TRIBULATION, pain, and woe,
Are the Christian's lot below ;
Glory, triumph, peace and love,
Are the Christian's crown above.

Shall we sport a little while,
In the world's deceitful smile,
Careless how we waste our breath,
Thoughtless of eternal death ?

No—if Christian souls we be,
Saviour, we must live to thee ;
Trusting in thy mighty name,
We can welcome grief and shame.

Jesus, Lord ! to thee we come ;
Short, though rough, the journey home,
Let thy grace but now be given,
Glory will be ours in heav'n.

H Y M N S
ON
THE MESSAGES TO THE CHURCHES.

HYMN XVII.

THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Who from forth the mercy-seat,
Deigns the sons of dust to greet ?
He, who as their victim stood,
He who bought them with His blood ;

He, the child of lowly birth,
Prince of all the kings of earth
He, who bears Jehovah's name,
Speaks in thunder, treads in flame.

He, creation's glorious head,
First-begotten of the dead ;
He, whose face the sun outshines,
While his hand the stars confines ;

He, who, bath'd in purple gore,
Died—and lives for evermore,
And, within his mighty breath,
Holds the keys of hell and death :

He, from forth the holy place,
Sends the word of truth and grace,
He, the contrite sinner's friend,
Jesus speaks—let earth attend.

HYMN XVIII.

EPHESUS.

THUS, saith the Lord, the Holy One ;
“ Thy works and labours I have known ;
Thy care to glorify my name,
And bring the lying lips to shame.

“ I know thine inmost thought—I see..
Thy patience, and thy zeal for me ;
Yet hear my solemn warning sent
That bids thee tremble and repent.

“No more thy first love ardent burns
But, half-extinguish’d, earthward turns !
Thou art my temple—I’ll not bear
Such languid flame to quiver there.

“Repent ; thy early works perform ;
Else on thy head I hurl the storm :
From slumber wake, and trim thy light,
Lest it be quench’d in endless night.

“For him whose faith shall overcome,
My love prepares a glorious home,
Where life’s unguarded tree supplies
Immortal fruits in paradise.”

HYMN XIX.

SMYRNA.

THUS saith the Lord, the First and Last,
Who died and lives again ;
“Believer, all thy works I know,
Thy poverty and pain.

“ Yet wealth is in thy poverty,
And joy is in thy woes ;
I treasure all thy tears, and mark
The raging of thy foes.

“ Behold, I loosen Satan’s chain,
Yet, trembler, fear not thou,
Though sorely tried, in dungeons deep,
Thy captive spirit bow ;

“ Though for a season thou shalt find
No solace for thy care,
Be faithful unto death ; thy brow
A crown of life shall wear.”

Then shrink not from temptation’s hour,
For thus Jehovah saith,
“ He that o’ercomes shall rise again,
Nor taste the second death.”

HYMN XX.

PERGAMOS.

THUS proclaims the mighty Lord,
He who wields the two-edg'd sword,—
“ Though by Satan's throne thou dwell,
Faithful soul, I know thee well.

“ Mid the taunts of scorn and pride
Thou hast not my name denied ;
In my truth hast stedfast stood,
Where my martyrs pour'd their blood.

“ Yet repent thee and beware ;
Watch against the secret snare ;
Idol pleasure, love of gain,
Vain conceits thy bosom gain.

“ O repent ! before the Lord,
Smite thee with His awful word ;—
Hearken what the Spirit saith
Of the conqu'ring hosts of faith :—

“ They on heav’nly food shall live,—
Tokens of my love receive ;
Joys to all besides unknown,
They shall share before my throne.”

HYMN XXI.

THYATIRA.

THE Lord, whose eyes with lightning glance
Pierce to the depths of human thought,
Whose firm, unfalt’ring steps advance,
Till all th’ eternal will be wrought ;—

The Lord to thee his chosen saith,
“ Thy labour and thy love I own ;
I know thy service, patience, faith,
And labours more abundant grown.

“ But why this weak false charity
For those who my pure word despise ?
Thou seest an idol altar nigh,
And hearest doctrine fraught with lies.

“ I, who all hearts and reigns explore,
Appoint to each his righteous doom:
Hold fast my truth, thy precious store,
Maintain it steadfast till I come.

“ Partaker of my triumph, thou
Shalt prove victorious in the war ;
And wear for ever on thy brow,
The splendours of the morning star.”

HYMN XXII.

SARDIS.

THE awful message came,
The Lord of Spirits said,
“ I know thou hast a living name,
But thou art dead.
Thy dying gifts revive,
And strengthen what remain ;
Repent remember, watch and strive
To live again.

“ But if thou wilt not hear
This warning of my grace
Nor bow with penitential fear
Before my face ;
Lo ! as a thief I come,
The hour thou canst not tell,
To drive thee from thy peaceful home
In flames to dwell.

“ The undefiled shall see
The promise fix’d and sure ;
And he who conquers, walks with me
In garments pure :
Recorded by my love,
His name I will declare
Before my Father’s throne above
And angels there.”

HYMN XXIII.

PHILADELPHIA.

HOLY and true ! thou bear’st the key
Of an unknown eternity :
What hand shall close thine open’d door,—
What eye thy sealed gulf explore !

Thou to the humble soul, hast given
An entrance to thy house in heav'n,
And flung the gate of mercy wide,
And to the weeping mourner cried :—

“ Thy little strength, by me conferr'd,
Hath own'd my name, and kept my word ;
And soon before thy feet shall bow,
The traitors who oppress thee now.

“ Thy soul in patience now possess'd,
On my sure covenant shall rest,
When fiery darts abroad are hurl'd,
And sore temptations try the world.

“ With lightning wing'd I hasten down—
Hold that thou hast—secure thy crown—
O'ercome ; ere long thou shalt remove
To join the conqu'ring hosts above.

“ My Zion's glory thou shalt share,
A pillar firm establish'd there ;
Whereon my Father's name and mine,
In glowing characters shall shine.”

HYMN XXIV.

LAODICEA.

CEASE ye from man's delusive word,
Ye fools, return again ;
And hear the all-creating Lord,
Th' omnipotent Amen.

“ The secret sin that taints thy breast,
Thine outward deeds reveal ;
Would thou wert cold, a foe confess'd,
Or hot in loyal zeal.

“ Thy God rejects the lifeless pray'r,
And loathes the hollow praise ;
And, 'mid the wealth thy lips declare,
Thy naked want surveys.

“ Thou say'st—‘ No higher grace I need ;
Behold, how rich I am !’
Oh that thy darken'd eye could read
Thy penury and shame !

“ Poor wretched soul ! deceiv’d and blind,
Beware—I counsel thee
To buy thee gold in fire refined,
And raiment pure, of me.

“ Anoint thine eyes—behold the rod
In chastening mercy sent :
O hear the deep rebuke of God,
Be zealous and repent.

“ Through many a long rebellious year
I at the door have stood,
And call’d thy slumb’ring heart to hear,
The Saviour’s pleading blood.

“ And yet I wait, and yet once more
Repeat the gracious cry :
Thou loit’ring soul, uncloseth the door ;
I bring salvation nigh.

“ Upon my Father’s lofty throne,
With victory crown’d I shine ;
Me for thy Prince and Saviour own,
My glory shall be thine.”

HYMN XXV.

“ He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.”

BE silent, earth ! the Lord hath spoke ;—
Who may Jehovah’s word reverse ?
The promis’d blessing, who revoke ?—
Or who abide the with’ring curse ?

To humble souls that word conveys,
The pledge of everlasting life ;
Light for the gloom of evil days,
And conquest in the hour of strife.

Like Israel’s pillar’d cloud, it glows
To them a guardian glory bright ;
But frowns upon rebellious foes
The blackness of eternal night.

Hear or forbear—the word is come ;
Believe or scoff—the word remains ;
The awful word, that seals your doom,
To kingly crowns, or burning chains.

Think ye the Lord too long delays,
While ye his suff'ring love despise ?
Soon, soon his fiery wrath shall blaze,
And pealing thunders shake the skies.

Too late those stubborn knees shall bow
That willing homage scorn to give ;
The Spirit breathes his summons now,
Oh, hearken ! and your souls shall live.

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